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POEMS

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BY

MATILDA.

"POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT."



RICHMOND:

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1851

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By REV. GEORGE W. NOLLEY,
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TO THE
REV. GEO. W. NOLLEY,
OF THE VIRGINIA CONFERENCE,
AS MY
BEST FRIEND AND PATRON,
THIS WORK
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED,
BY THE AUTHORESS
MATILDA,
GRAPE HILL, VIRGINIA.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

The following Poems are from the pen of a Young Lady of Nelson County, Virginia. She is emphatically the Poet of Nature. She received the visits, and imbibed the inspirations, of the Muses in early childhood. She thought and felt in Poetry, long before she was able to write it.

Unfortunately, her father died when she was about twelve years old, having given her the advantages of only about twelve months education, in a common school of the neighbourhood. Being the youngest child, and the latest embodiment of her father's earthly love, her deeply afflicted mother was unwilling to forego the pleasure of her company, and sent her to school no further. Nevertheless, she continued to encourage the visits of the Muses, and, for the following six years, held almost incessant communion with them; somewhat through the medium of books, but more particu-

larly in the works of Nature ; in the waters of a beautiful river that washes the base of her native hill, in the wild mountain scenery that rises, in magnificence, from the opposite shore, and in the romantic hills and dells that surround it in every other direction.

It was the fortune of the Writer of this Preface, and the Publisher of this volume of her Poetry, to have been the first stranger who was allowed to examine her manuscripts to any extent. He enjoyed the happiness, a few years before, of seeing her converted to God, under his ministry ; and this circumstance may have contributed to the confidence with which he was permitted to look over her papers.

He perceived, as he thought, that she possessed an extraordinary talent for poetry, and determined to encourage, and assist her as far as he could, in extending her education. For this purpose, he prevailed upon her to seek the advantages of the Buckingham Female Institute, where she has been prosecuting her studies, with occasional attentions to the Muses, for the last eighteen months.

The chief design of this Publication is, to enable her to complete her education, and the Publisher feels assured, that the friends of genius and literature will sustain him in the undertaking. Indeed, he is happy

to state, that the Preachers of the Virginia Conference subscribed for *fifteen hundred copies* of this work, before it was put to the press ; and it was his original intention, with the approbation of the Authoress, to have it dedicated to *them*. But, in the meantime, he received an unexpected communication from her, in which she expressed a wish to dedicate it to *him*, as her best friend and patron ; and the reader will perceive that she has done so.

Nearly all the pieces in this volume have passed the criticism, and received the approbation, of the distinguished and talented Editor of the Quarterly Review of the M. E. Church, South. His own numerous engagements would not admit of his attention to the whole. We have no fears, however, in regard to the character of any of them. We feel every assurance that their intrinsic merits, in connexion with the design of their publication, will secure for them a ready and a rapid sale ; not only in Virginia, but also in the Southern and Western States, where, in the Periodicals of the Church, her Poetry has been extensively circulated, and no doubt, is very much admired. We have good authority for saying, that the learned and eloquent Dr. Wightman, of the Charleston Christian Advocate, considers her the “ Queen of his Poets ; ” and.

such is his confidence in the excellence of her pieces, he hands them over to his compositor without examination. Such also may be the case with Dr. Henkle, of the Nashville Lady's Companion.

As to the colossian Editor of our own Richmond Advocate, *he* has manifested *his* appreciation of her genius, by putting her under his "editorial wing;" where, we have no doubt, he will take good care of her.

With these recommendations, we have no fears in regard to the success of this work; and we shall be very much mistaken, if, at no distant day, the Public do not wish to see another volume from the gifted pen of our Authoress. In that event we shall hold ourselves in readiness, as heretofore, to give her any assistance in our power.

Hoping, however, and believing, that the present Publication will give entire satisfaction, we leave the question of a *second*, to the developments of the future.

GEO. W. NOLLEY.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 7, 1851.

CONTENTS.

Poetry,	-	-	-	-	-	1
The Phases of Woman's Life,	-	-	-	-	-	4
The Song of the Heavenly Harpers,	-	-	-	-	-	8
The Missionary's Bride,	-	-	-	-	-	11
The Dying Missionary,	-	-	-	-	-	14
Farewell,	-	-	-	-	-	17
To a Mother on the Death of her Infant,	-	-	-	-	-	19
The Peaks of Otter,	-	-	-	-	-	22
Sabbath Morning,	-	-	-	-	-	25
The Parsonage,	-	-	-	-	-	27
We are Passing Away,	-	-	-	-	-	30
The Voice of the Lightning,	-	-	-	-	-	32
The Sweets of Life,	-	-	-	-	-	34
The Orator,	-	-	-	-	-	36
The Thunder Storm,	-	-	-	-	-	39
The Last Dream,	-	-	-	-	-	41
Our Preacher,	-	-	-	-	-	47
The Departed,	-	r	-	-	-	49
The Voice of the Seasons,	-	-	-	-	-	51
On Reading the Works of Mrs. Hemans,	-	-	-	-	-	55
The City of Silence,	-	-	-	-	-	57
The World is full of Beauty,	-	-	-	-	-	59
The Time to Die,	-	-	-	-	-	61
The Storm King,	-	-	-	-	-	64
Resignation,	-	-	-	-	-	67

The Violet,	-	-	-	-	69
To the Memory of a Young Christian,	-	-	-	-	71
Twilight Musings,	-	-	-	-	74
"Where are They?"	-	-	-	-	76
The Itinerant's Wife,	-	-	-	-	79
The Orphan's Lament,	-	-	-	-	81
Peace of Mind,	-	-	-	-	84
A Hope in Heaven,	-	-	-	-	86
On being Compared to an Iceberg,	-	-	-	-	88
My Mother's Love,	-	-	-	-	90
The Two Lovers,	-	-	-	-	94
I cannot say Farewell,	-	-	-	-	96
I Love Thee Yet,	-	-	-	-	98
The Dying Boy,	-	-	-	-	100
Make to Thyself a Name,	-	-	-	-	106
To a Young Friend in Sorrow,	-	-	-	-	109
Sing Again that Simple Strain.	-	-	-	-	111
Thoughts on Immortality,	-	-	-	-	113
What It is to be Alone,	-	-	-	-	115
On Receiving a Sprig of Flowers,	-	-	-	-	117
Name not the Dead,	-	-	-	-	119
The Voice of Evening Hours,	-	-	-	-	121
On Seeing a Young Lady Asleep,	-	-	-	-	123
I Love the Night,	-	-	-	-	125
Be Pleasant,	-	-	-	-	127
The Love of the Heart,	-	-	-	-	130
To an Afflicted Mother,	-	-	-	-	132
The Welcome Home,	-	-	-	-	135
The Midnight Serenade,	-	-	-	-	136
"The Small Sweet Courtesies of Life,"	-	-	-	-	138
The Missionary's Burial at Sea,	-	-	-	-	140
I Am Not Alone,	-	-	-	-	142
Sabbath Evening,	-	-	-	-	145
The Shadows of the Past,	-	-	-	-	147
The Balm of Disappointment,	-	-	-	-	149
Away to the Hills,	-	-	-	-	150

The Disappointed Lover's Song,	-	-	-	152
The Wandering Bird,	-	-	-	154
Do as You Would be Done by,	-	-	-	156
Twilight Hours,	-	-	-	158
The Mercy Seat,	-	-	-	160
How Sleep the Dead?	-	-	-	162
"Forget Me Not,"	-	-	-	164
To a Friend on his Marriage,	-	-	-	167
Oblivion,	-	-	-	169
Wild Flowers,	-	-	-	171
Remember the Poor,	-	-	-	173
Sleep in Peace,	-	-	-	175
Lines Written in Georgie's Album,	-	-	-	177
To a Loved One of Other Days,	-	-	-	180
Let me Dream of Heaven,	-	-	-	182
Friendship,	-	-	-	184
The Sunbeams,	-	-	-	185
The Rainbow,	-	-	-	187
"No Need of Prayer?"	-	-	-	189
An Epitaph for an Infant,	-	-	-	191
Home,	-	-	-	192
The Mute Lover,	-	-	-	194
A Message by the Winds,	-	-	-	196
To a Group of Children at Play,	-	-	-	198
The Voice of Death,	-	-	-	199
The Unseen Bliss of Heaven,	-	-	-	202
The Exile's Death-Song,	-	-	-	204
The Rose and the Pink,	-	-	-	207
The Dying Mother,	-	-	-	210
The World Wearied,	-	-	-	215
"I Laid me down and Slept,"	-	-	-	221
The Last Rose,	-	-	-	223
Bring Back the Past,	-	-	-	225
"Love God and be Happy,"	-	-	-	227
The Fireside,	-	-	-	229
Heaven,	-	-	-	231

Bird of the Morning, - - - - -	233
The Broken Heart, - - - - -	234
The Mountains, - - - - -	235
A Sketch of Annie, - - - - -	238
Pulpit Eloquence, - - - - -	240
Guardian Angels, - - - - -	243
The Irish Emigrant's Farewell, - - - - -	247
The Stranger's Grave, - - - - -	250
The Captive Dove, - - - - -	252
A Sister's Love, - - - - -	254
"There's a Silvery Lining to every Cloud," - - - - -	256
The Saintly Girl, - - - - -	258
The Baptismal, - - - - -	261
The Wanderer to his Home, - - - - -	263
For A— L—, To his Lady-Love, - - - - -	265
The Thorn-tree, - - - - -	268
The Stormy Winds, - - - - -	272
The Soaring Bird, - - - - -	275
The Dying Christian, - - - - -	277
"Ne'er can My Heart be Thine," - - - - -	280
Byron's Despair, - - - - -	282
God's Witnesses, - - - - -	285
To Mr. K*****, On his Marriage, - - - - -	287
To My Sister Lucy, - - - - -	290
The Two Leaves, - - - - -	293
The Phantom of Earthly Glory, - - - - -	298
The Shipwreck, - - - - -	302

P O E M S .

POETRY.

O! ASKEST thou for poetry?

Search not amid thy books,
Go, wander through the deep green woods,
And bend above the brooks ;
Go where the winds are murmuring low,
Go where the sparkling waters flow,
And thou wilt find the pure, the free,—
The bounding soul of poetry.

O! there is more of poetry

In the sweet hymns of birds,
Than all that Poets could ever breathe
In all the chime of words ;

More music in one thrilling note,
Soft-gushing from a Mock-bird's throat,
Than e'er has flowed from minstrel's lyre,
However warmed with hallowed fire.

There is a world of poetry
In flowers and trees and rills;
And stanzas of immortal song
Are echoed through the hills;
The winds and waves, the bending grass
That trembles where the waters pass;
The stars that twinkle in the sky
Are rich with heaven-born minstrelsy.

The world is full of poetry,
On every breeze it flies,
It trembles on each azure cloud,
That floats along the skies;
It glitters on the sunbeam's breast,
It comes in night's dark mantle drest;
It fills the earth, the sky, the air—
A spirit whispering everywhere.

O! give the poetry to me,
That dwells in Nature's store ;
Give, give to me unwritten thought,
I ask, I ask no more ;
Give me the breath of flowerets fair,
Give me the pure and balmy air,
Give me the melody that springs
From all of earth's created things ;—
The voiceless music of the soul,
The gushing hymn that spurns control ;
I ask no polished thing of art,
I ask *the music of the heart.*

THE PHASES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

I saw her in the morn of life,
A gay and happy *child*,
Her voice was like the Mock-bird's song,
Her laugh was free and wild ;
Joy sparkled from her dark blue eyes,
And on her forehead white,
Her golden locks in ringlets fell,
All gracefully and bright.

I saw her when a *lovely girl*,
Just sixteen years had cast
Their smiles and hopes upon her face,
Since I beheld her last ;
She was a gentle creature then,
Her voice still free and wild,
As when I heard it long ago,
When she was but a child.

I saw her when her girlish glee,
 Had changed to *maiden pride* ;
A noble, good, and generous youth
 Was sitting by her side ;
And softly as he breathed* to her
 Love's fond and gentle vow,
I saw the shadow of a shade
 Steal lightly o'er her brow.

I saw her when, a *blooming bride*,
 She, at the altar stood,
Her smiles were beaming through her tears,
 Like sunbeams through a cloud ;
I saw her from the altar turn,
 Her cheek was passing fair,
White as the glittering orange wreath,
 That bound her sunny hair ;
Her brow was calm, and from her heart
 There came a smothered sigh,
Like ripples on a sleeping lake,
 When night winds sweep them by.

I saw her when a *lovely wife*,
In all her beauteous bloom,
She was the blossom and the light,
The sunbeam of her home ;
Her step was light, her smile was bright,
Her voice still free and wild,
As when I looked upon her first,
When she was but a child.

I saw her when a *mother's* joy
Was beaming from her eye,
When love and care a garland bound
Upon her forehead high ;
A lovely boy was by her side,
And one was on her knee ;
They gazed upon her smiling face,
And clapped their hands with glee.

I saw her when she sadly knelt
Beside a couch of death,
And watched with all a mother's fears
Her darling *infant's* breath.

She laid her hand in tenderness
 Upon the loved one's head,
Then turned aside in agony,—
 Her darling boy was dead.

I saw her when, with weeping eyes,
 She o'er her *husband* bent,
As swiftly from his heaving breast
 The hot breath came and went ;
The tell-tale pulse had ceased to beat,
 The warm heart ceased to thrill ;
She knelt in prayer and murmured low,
 It is my Father's will.
He died, as summer flowerets die,
 Scarce conscious of decay,
Like the last lingering light that gilds
 The clouds at close of day.

I saw her when they laid *her* down
 Upon the silent bier,
And many heaved the throbbing sigh,
 And shed the bitter tear ;

S S O N G O F T H E H E A V E N L Y H A R P E R S .

Low in the silent dust she sleeps,
Free from all toil and strife,
Till, startled from her dreamless rest,
SHE WAKES TO ENDLESS LIFE.

THE SONG OF THE HEAVENLY HARPERS.

“How long is it since Eternity has known an hour, in which was not heard the prelude of the heavenly harpers, ‘they come, they come!’”

[*Bascom's Sermons.*]

HARK! from the portals of the skies,
A joyous anthem peals,
Through all the shining courts above,
The melting echo steals;

As angels, with their deep-toned harps,
 Bend from the heavenly dome,
 And shout, as millions enter there,
 Behold ! "they come, they come."

From every nation, every clime,
 From every sea and land,
 See, how in crowds, they enter there,
 United heart and hand ;
 From all affliction, pain, and grief,
 From sorrow, sin, and gloom,
 From all the toils and ills of life,
 Behold ! "they come, they come."

"They come, they come,"—the blood-washed band,
 From doubt and pain and woe ;
 They come to share these heavenly courts,
 Where sorrow is no more ;
 Here, not a cloud shall shade their brows,
 Their eyes ne'er shed a tear ;
 No anxious doubts can pain them now,
 No sorrowing hearts are here.

“ They come, they come,”—long severed ones
Are all united now ;
‘ They come, with wreaths of gladness twined
Around each beaming brow ;
They come with rapturous songs of joy,
They come with gladness home,
While Angels touch their harps anew,
And shout, “ THEY COME, THEY COME.”

THE MISSIONARY'S BRIDE.

HER'S was a high devotion,—*That fair girl.*
In the fresh hour of youth forsaking all
The friends who blessed her childhood—all the scenes
To her so long familiar—leaving all
The looks and smiles and voices she had loved
With all a young heart's fervor, *she* went forth
Among the thankless heathen, with one heart,
One heart *alone*—to love her, and one hand
To shield her in affliction.

It was morn :

The sun had risen brightly, and the skies
Looked down serenely on the bright green earth
That lay beneath it smiling. In a cot,
Half hid in vines and clustering eglantines,
And opening roses, and sweet jessamine flowers,
A bride and bridegroom lingered as if bound
By some enchantment to the hallowed spot—

So loved from early childhood. There were all
The friends whom they had cherished, all the hearts
That had been clustering round them with a love
Undying in its nature. And the hour,
The solemn hour of parting was to them
An age of speechless sorrow. One by one
They gathered round them, whispering farewell
From lips that shook with anguish. And the bride,
That fair young creature, going forth abroad
Upon life's trustless ocean, stood amid
That sorrowing group in silence. Not a tear
Stole from her downcast eye-lids. Not a sigh
Came from her swelling bosom. Brothers all,
And friends, and sisters—all had said farewell!
And she had felt their hot tears on her cheek,—
And yet she wept not. Her's was the still grief
That scorneth to be uttered. She had breathed
Farewell to all, save one, and that last one
Was a devoted mother. She had watched
Around her gentle being, like the sun
That warms to life the flowerets, and her life
Was linked with her existence. All their hopes

And joys had been commingled, till their hearts
Seemed melted into one. But she was strong—
Strong in the Rock of ages. With a smile
Of high and pure affection she bent down
And pressed her pale lips to the throbbing brow
Of her fair child. “Go thou, my treasure, go,”
The mother softly whispered, “I have prayed
For strength to bear this parting. Be thou strong
And bear the cross with patience. I shall miss
The mirthful music of thy silvery voice,
And thy clear laugh, my Daughter, and thy smile
So like a cheerful sunbeam in my home.
And thy light step, my Fair one, will no more
Be heard in my still chamber. But that God
Who gave thee to my keeping—He who calls
Thee onward to thy work—Yes, He will be
Companion to thy mother.”—It was done,
The parting hour was over, and the Bride,
With her high-placed affections, left her home—
The glad home of her childhood.

THE DYING MISSIONARY.

SILENTLY he lay
With his dark eyes closed softly, and the tears,
The warm tears pressed through the silken fringe
Of their fast drooping lids. Upon his cheek
Life's parting light was lingering, like the rays
Of waning twilight. And his brow, though calm,
Was pale and cold, beneath the dew of death.
The breeze came through the lattice, bringing in
The breath of summer flowers, and the heart
Of the lone sufferer thrilled with joy intense,
As lightly o'er his marble brow it strayed,
And lifted the dark curls that clustered there.

To his home,—
The bright home of his infancy, his thoughts,
Like swift birds had been wandering, and his eyes
Beamed with a holy lustre, as he looked
Upon the summer blossoms sweet, that threw

Their fragrance in his chamber. And his smile
Grew brighter, and still brighter as the sun
Cast his last lingering beam upon his brow,
And on the trembling curtain, which betrayed,
By its slight motion, that the beating heart
Was struggling hard for freedom. "Home, sweet
home,"

He murmured soft and slowly, "I would lay
This throbbing brow upon my mother's breast,
And thus go home rejoicing. But the will
Of Heaven has not so ordered. I must die
Far from my home and country—far from all
The friends who blessed my boyhood—I go to
My heavenly home with gladness, like a bird
Rejoicing in its freedom. I have done
The work that God appointed me to do ;
Have finished all my labor—all my toil ;
The battle's fought,—the victory almost won ;
And angels gather round me, whispering soft,
Come home, come home, thou faithful servant come,
Thy Father's house is ready. Enter in,
And live with him forever."

———— It was night,
The pale moon trembled in the dewy skies,
And twinkling stars shone brightly, and the winds
Breathed gently through the vine leaves, and the birds,
The lonely night-birds, fluttered on soft wings
Around a faithful and a holy band,—
A band of new-made christians, as they bore,
With solemn chant, and slow and measured tread,
Their voiceless teacher through the solemn wood,
And laid him in the silent earth. The leaves,
The quivering leaves, bent over his lone grave,
Like trembling mourners. And the sighing winds,
With pensive steps, stole round him as he slept,
“The sleep that knows no waking.”

FAREWELL.

I've breathed "farewell," in other years,
With careless heart and brow ;
My heart is strangely altered since,
I cannot do it now ;
It thrills each chord within my soul,
'Tis like a funeral knell ;
O let mine eyes *their* language speak,
I cannot say, "farewell."

They tell me when the lips move not,
The heart more deeply feels,
That gentler grows the load of grief,
By every tear that steals ;
I weep, but still a fresh despair
Around my heart will swell ;
We cannot hope to meet again,
Yet dare not say, "farewell."

A moment longer, and we part ;

Time flies, alas ! how fast !

One trembling pressure of the hand,

One look—it is the last.

It is our heavenly Father's will,

And he does all things well ;

In Heaven may we all meet at last,

No more to say "farewell."

LINES TO A MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

WEEP not, though Providence has snatched
Thy lovely infant from thy breast;
Before thy Father's throne it stands,
Among the saints a welcome guest.

It scarce was folded to thy heart,
With all a mother's pride and joy,
Ere death appeared with blighting touch,
Thy cherished idol to destroy.

But though it sleeps in death's cold arms,
Its soul has fled beyond the grave;
God called the spirit back to heaven,
And took the fleeting breath He gave.

The death-pang rends no more its heart,
Its spirit is unfettered now,
The withering finger of decay,
No more can blight its beauteous brow.

Another voice has joined the songs,
That echo sweetly through the skies;
Another form is gliding through
The shining courts of Paradise.

And wouldst thou win thy child from thence,
From those bright realms of endless day,
To cast its heavenly garments by,
And wear again a robe of clay?

Wouldst thou recall its ransomed soul,
From that eternity of bliss,
To live, to suffer, and to feel
The sorrows of a world like this?

O! bear with resignation meek,
The chastenings of thy Father's rod,
Be joyful, for thou hast returned
Thy child, an angel, back to God.

Weep not, though from thy stricken heart,
The dearest, sweetest tie is riven,
*A bud has fallen from thy breast
To bloom eternally in heaven.*

THE PEAKS OF OTTER,

SEEN AT A DISTANCE.

APPROACH! Has earth a fairer sight
Than this bright hour displays,
Did e'er a scene of deeper power
Fall on a mortal's gaze!
Behold those glorious lines of blue,
Faint as a pencil'd cloud,
Soft as an angel's azure wing,
Veiled in a heavenly shroud.

Peak beside peak, in awful pride,
Together, there they rest,
With the last light of parting day,
Reposing on their breast;

Oh! they are beautiful, beyond
Aught that my heart had dreamed ;
Such scenes of loveliness before
Ne'er on my soul had gleamed.

Thou glorious Peak! Could I but stand
A moment on thy brow,
To see the proud sun sink to rest,
As he is sinking now ;
To see the clouds beneath my feet,
Tinged with his golden blaze,
Oh! such an hour were joy enough
For all life's coming days.

Thou hast been in my dreams by night,
And through the busy day,
Thy far-off image o'er my heart,
In beauty's light doth stray ;
I've longed to stand upon thy brow,
With wishes deep but vain,
And now my last, last hope is gone,
'Twere wrong to hope again.

Stand there, thou glorious monument,
Of God's eternal might ;
Stand thou, unchanged by changing years,
Unbroken by their flight ;
Age after age around thy head,
Their mantling robes have cast,
But thou hast mocked at every change,
That o'er thy form has past—
And thou wilt stand unbroken there,
Unaltered to the last.

SABBATH MORNING.

How proudly through yon azure field

The bright sun threads his way,
Dispensing o'er creation round

The glittering beams of day!
The silken flowers of every hue
Bend with the pearly drops of dew,
That rest like diadems of light,
On every bud and petal bright.

Far up, on yonder mountain top

A misty shadow lies,
Soft mingling with the spotless blue

That tints the glowing skies;
And yonder calm and quiet stream
Glides, like the spirit of a dream,
So lightly, that its muffled sound
Scarce wakes a whispering echo round.

'Thro' the green boughs the spring birds glance,
And warble forth their lays,
Each sounding his divinest note
To the Creator's praise;
Till rock, and tree, and mountain high,
Are vocal with their minstrelsy;
Song answers song, till all around
Is steeped in melody of sound.

How glorious is the Sabbath day,
With all its sacred hours!
There is a balm upon its breeze,
A freshness in its flowers;
A beauty in its quiet rest,
That calms the tumult of the breast;
A voice in every dale and hill,
That bids the troubled soul be still.

Thrice welcome, day of holiness!
Thrice welcome to this heart!
Sweet emblem of eternal rest,
To me, to all thou art;

Come with thy deep and noiseless hush,
And let our thoughts together rush
From earth's dull vanities away,
To God's eternal Sabbath day.

THE PARSONAGE.

It is a sweet and pleasant spot,
With green and graceful trees,
Around it towering everywhere,
Slow nodding to the breeze ;
A spot with softly waving grass,
Upon the spreading lawn,
That looks like emerald, when the sun
Comes dancing there at morn.

'Tis true it has no marble porch,
No high and costly dome,
No towering windows mark the place
Where stands our preacher's home;
Our preacher's home! no grandeur marks
That olden tenement,
But kindness, quietness, and love,
And goodness and content.

The birds go singing there at morn,
As gay as birds can be,
And make the sweet air wave and thrill,
With their rich melody;
And busily the honey bees
Fly through the clover bloom,
And from their petals gather sweets,
To grace the preacher's home.

The green boughs bend above the roof,
Most gracefully and low,
And make long shadows on the porch,
By swinging to and fro;

And round beneath the cottage doors,
Sweet flowers are blooming free,
Oh! such a home as this would make
The very home for me.

I love that bright green spot of earth,
That consecrated ground,
It seems to me the breath of peace
Is dwelling all around;
Around that little cottage home,
All is so green and fair,
It seems to me that sinful thoughts
Could find no entrance there.

I do not know what future years
May have in store for me;
I know not what my destiny
In coming time may be;
But let it be what e'er it may,
A life of pain or bliss,
I only ask that I may have
A peaceful home like this.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

WHEN morning is breaking and darkness has fled,
And the stars sink to rest in their fathomless bed,
When the sun rises up from his glorious sleep,
The bright world in beauty and gladness to steep,
As soft o'er creation his golden beams stray,
They speak to our hearts, "We are passing away."

The dewdrops that fall from the blue sky above,
To rest on the flowers and leaves in the grove,
Like tears that steal soft from the angels' bright eyes,
As they stoop to look down from their home in the
skies,

Each glittering drop in the wood seems to say,
"Take warning, frail mortals, ye are passing away."

We are passing away when we look on the flowers
That bloom in the brightest and greenest of bowers,
We view them with feelings of joy and of pain,
For we know when we enter the garden again,
The sweetest among them will have gone to decay,
And the dead leaves will whisper, "We are passing
away."

When the birds are all soaring away from our clime,
To find a warm sky, and a bright summer time,
Where the soft breeze comes fresh from the beautiful
sea,

And the flowers spring up from the moss-covered lea,
As they rise to their wings on their sunny bound way,
They sing to our hearts, "We are passing away."

We are passing away to the gloom of the grave,
We are passing away on time's rapid wave;
Life's valuable moments are vanishing fast,
And the present, ere long, will belong to the past.
Then let us improve each moment we stay;
For lo! "We are passing, we are passing away!"

THE VOICE OF THE LIGHTNING.

AWAY, away, over the bounding stream,
Over the mountain tops and the hills I gleam,
I crown, with a halo, the brow of night,
And I fan the earth with my wing of light ;
I dart my shafts at a guilty world,
And mortals down to their graves are hurled.

Over the ocean wave, and the forest high,
Over the valleys deep, and the plains I fly ;
I dance along on the Storm-king's breath,
And fling from my bright bow the darts of death ;
I throw on creation my withering glance,
And the frail earth trembles as I advance.

Ye scoffing ones! And ye proud! stand by,
Ye shall see the glance of my piercing eye,
Ye shall feel the touch of my burning wings,
Ye shall own the power of the King of kings;
As I pass you by with my glittering sword,
Ye shall feel in your hearts the strength of the Lord.

Away, away, over the darkened sky,
Through the trackless air, like a fiend, I fly;
The shivered tree and the broken mast,
Will tell of my might when the storm is past;
And the blighted pine in the forest green,
Will show where the tread of my foot hath been.

Over the bounding waves of the rolling sea,
My flight is onward, proud and free,
In the valleys deep, on the mountain's crest,
In the storm-cloud's bosom I pause for rest;
And a flash of fire to the earth I bring,
Make way for the bird of the burning wing.

THE SWEETS OF LIFE.

SWEET is the breath of summer flowers,
When zephyrs glide along
'Through the green woods and shady bowers,
In murmurs of sweet song ;
Sweet is the whisper of the rill,
And sweet the hum of bees,
When, with glad wings, they wander out
Upon the flowery leas ;
But sweeter far than purling rills,
Or than the fragrant flowers,
Are words of friendship, kind and dear,
And smiles that answer ours.

Sweet is the light of opening day,
And sweet the rising sun,
When stars from yonder azure sky,
Are fading, one by one ;

Sweet is the hour when evening spreads
Her mantle o'er the earth,
When loved ones, free from daily cares,
Are gathering round the hearth ;
But sweeter far than morning dews,
Or than the starry showers,
Are those, whose every hope and joy,
Are ever blent with ours.

Sweet is the rustling of the leaves,
When summer winds pass by,
When not a lowering cloud obscures
The brightness of the sky ;
Sweet is the minstrelsy of birds,
Amid the shady grove,
When every tongue seems breathing forth
The melody of love ;
But sweeter far than singing birds,
Or woods, or rills, or bowers,
Are hearts of tenderness and love,
That kindly throb with ours.

THE ORATOR.

He stood amid an anxious throng,
His brow was pale and high,
And melancholy was the light
Of his dark searching eye—
A trembling smile was on his lip,
A smile of light and love,
As if the thoughts that filled his soul
Were gleaming from above.

He spoke, and every lip was hushed,
And every brow was raised,
And every eye in that dense throng
Upon the speaker gazed ;
And every heart with rapture thrilled,
To hear the words that fell,
Like the mysterious voice that fills
The murmuring ocean shell.

Not softer melts a bird's low song
 Upon the summer breeze—
Not gentler dies that breeze away
 Among the trembling trees—
Than came the words, the thrilling words,
 From his deep throbbing heart,
And yet he knew not, gifted one!
 The power of his high art.

Now, like the sounding ocean surge,
 Came forth his burning words;
Now, like the voice of many harps,
 Now, like the voice of birds;
Now, like the murmur of a lute,
 Or soft Æolian strings,
When evening zephyrs pass them by
 And touch them with their wings.

He was most gifted, yet his brow
 Had something of despair,
Alas! alas! what could have left
 So much of sadness there?

He spoke to me of earlier years,
And trembled like a bird,
When, 'mid the music and the mirth,
The "stilly night" he heard.

Ah! he was sad, I knew it well,
Tho' much he strove to hide
The gush of feeling that swelled up
His bosom like a tide;
Some memories sad'ning in his heart,
Were wakened by that strain;
He smiled most sadly, but his smile
Was deeply fraught with pain;
And then he turned aside, and—I—
Ne'er saw his face again.

THE THUNDER STORM.

I hear the muttering thunders roll,
I see the lightnings fly,
Like comets starting into life,
Along the darkened sky.

How beautiful! how grand! how bright!
How glorious! how sublime!
My soul seems borne away from earth,
Beyond the bounds of time.

I love to stand in rapt delight,
And see the lightnings fly,
As if with darts of living fire,
They sought to cleave the sky.

In each electric flash I see
God's majesty and might;
He rides upon the stormy wind
And clothes himself with light.

The fool has said, "there is no God,"
But let him look on high,
When through the air those lightning fires
In wild confusion fly.

When bursting thunder shakes the ground,
And mighty forests nod
Before the rushing of the winds,—
He feels *there is a God*.

THE LAST DREAM.

It was a darkened chamber. Lightly moved
The silent watchers round the Sleeper's bed,
And gazed upon her with a love too deep,
Too strong for utterance. Silently she lay
In hushed and holy slumber. Soft and low
The quick breath fluttered on her pale white lips
Like a caged bird that struggles to be free
From its close thralldom. Ever and anon
A crystal tear from her fringed eyelids stole,
And, like a dewdrop, trembled on her cheek,
That lay in its dim beauty, as a leaf
Shook by the rude breath of the summer breeze
From the sweet lily's bosom,—lovelier in its fall
Than in its early freshness. Rich, dark curls
Lay on her snow-white pillow, shading softly
The deadly paleness of her languid face;
They fell in graceful ringlets round her brow,

That, white as polished ivory, reposed
In its calm beauty on one wasted hand,
Which, through the ringlets of her dark hair, gleamed
Like alabaster. Death, stern death was there,
Upon that lovely Sleeper. Even there
Upon that calm white brow and faded cheek,
His signet he was sealing. Yet a smile—
A smile of radiant beauty wreathed her lips,
And joy was in her bosom; for her dreams
Were of her loved and lost ones. Night by night
Their shrouded forms had gathered round her bed,
With their low whispers calling her away
To their veiled homes, far in the spirit land.

Gently her lips moved
With a scarce breathed murmur; and the thoughts
That long had filled her bosom now gushed forth
In low and plaintive numbers.

“From whence do ye come, ye shrouded band,
From whence do ye come, ah! say,
Have ye left your homes in the spirit-land,
Around my couch to stray?

Ye are whispering memories of old,
Ye are telling of other days,
And I know, aye, I know, that you love me yet,
By your long and earnest gaze.

Say, where is your home, ye spirit band,
Where rest ye when night has fled,
Say where do you roam? Ye pass away,
And I hear not the sound of your tread?

I meet the glance of your loving eyes,
And I hear each familiar tone,
But ah! when I wake from my nightly dreams,
I am startled to find you gone.

I catch the gleam of your sunny brows
As ye turn from my couch away,
And I long to gaze on your forms again,
But ye will not, ye will not stay.

From whence do ye come, ye fairy ones,
When ye people my dreams at night;
Do ye come, do ye come from the world above,
From the glorious land of light?

I know that ye live, but I know not where,
Ye gentle and holy band!
Oh! guard me, *still guard me*, ye blessed throng
'Till I enter the spirit land."

Closer round her bed
The bright throng gathered, and with earnest eyes
They gazed far down into the Dreamer's soul
With more of joy than sorrow. Soft and low
Her plaintive lay they answered. And their songs,
Unheard by mortals, pealed along the skies
In sweet and tuneful echoes.

"Dreamer we are ever near you,
Watching you with earnest eyes,
Bending, with our love unaltered,
From the portals of the skies.

Fondly we have gathered round you,
Whispering to you through the night,
With our low and solemn voices,
Holy dreams of joy and light.

Loved one! we are with you ever,
In your thoughts we love to stray,
Breathing to you hopes of Heaven,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Life with you is almost over,
Your departure is at hand,
We are waiting now to lead you,
Upward to the promised land.

There, no doubt, nor pain can reach you,
There no lowering cloud shall come,
Heaven is opening to receive you,
Suffering one! Come home, come home."

A change passed o'er the quiet Dreamer's brow,
A change like morning bright'ning into noon,
A smile of rapture played upon her cheek,
And lighted up her face with such deep joy,
That human love, with breathless awe, bent down
In holy admiration. One brief cloud
Of untold anguish o'er her features swept—
One bitter moment. And the Dreamer slept
The "sleep that knows no waking." She had passed
From time into eternity.

OUR PREACHER.

We miss him at the evening hour,
When all around is still ;
When Phœbus sheds his last faint rays,
Upon the western hill ;
When o'er the sky the silvery moon
Steals gently on her way ;
We miss him from the Bible-stand
Where he was wont to pray.

We miss him from the fire-side
When cold the bleak wind blows,
When on the hearth, the sparkling fire
In cheerful splendour glows ;
When eyes are beaming tenderly,
And words are kind and sweet,
We miss our much loved Preacher then
From his accustomed seat.

We miss his kind and gentle words,
His soft and winning ways ;
We miss the sunlight of pure bliss
That on his features plays ;
We miss the smile we loved to see,
Soft stealing o'er his cheek ;
We miss the truths—the sacred truths,
Our Preacher used to speak.

We miss him when the morning light,
Spreads gently o'er the skies ;
We miss him through the busy day,
In sadness and in sighs :
But oh ! when done with earthly things,
May we our Preacher meet,
All gathered with the angel-band,
Around our Father's feet.

THE DEPARTED.

Oh! where are those who have passed away?

Can the dead, can the dead forget?

The kind, the true, and the gentle ones,

Do they love, do they love us yet?

Do they look from above with their eyes of love,

To watch over their loved ones here?

Do they smile when *joy* our cup o'erflows,

Or drop over our *faults* a tear?

Do they love us yet, do they love us yet?

Do they weep when afflictions come,

Like tempest clouds o'er the way of life,

Enshrouding our paths in gloom?

∫ Do they look from on high, with a pitying eye,
On those they have left below?

• Do they beckon us up to a world on high,
Where parting comes no more?

/ And oh! if we meet in that better land,
Will we know each other's face?
Will we think of the deeds in the body done,
When we reach that glorious place?

| Will they love us there, will they love us then,
When we meet in that world of rest?
Where death comes not, and no parting tears
Shall fall from the eyes of the blest.

THE VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

“I come, I come,” said the bright young *Spring* ;
And her step was free and light,
As she flung o’er the earth a garland, wreathed
With flowers, all red and white ;
She threw a mantle of living green,
O’er mountain, hill, and dale :
She waked the birds, and their anthems sweet
Made vocal the winding vale ;
She decked the hills and valleys wide,
And gardens with flowerets sweet,
And they sparkled out like precious gems,—
All glittering at our feet ;
She clothed the world in rich array ;—
But I heard a sad sweet tone,
“I am passing away ;” I looked, and lo !
The lovely Spring was gone.

"I come, I come," cried the *Summer-time*,

"Make room, make room for me ;"

And the green wheat doffed his verdant robe,

And waved like a golden sea ;

"I come to ripen the harvest fields,

And work while yet 'tis day,

But my task is done, my time is brief,

And I must soon away ;"

I saw the Summer enthroned on the storm,

The tempest I trembling heard,

And the winds swept by on their rushing wings,

Fulfilling their Maker's word ;

But the storm was hushed, and the tempest died

Away in a muffled moan ;

"I am passing away," I looked again,

And the Summer-time was gone.

"I come, I come," said the *Autumn* chill,

"Make room, make room for me,

I blast each flower in garden and bower,

And wither the grass on the lea ;

I come with seared and falling leaves,
With a sad and mournful breath,
Repeating, as slowly I pass along,
Prepare, prepare for death ;”
And Autumn stood with his pensive look,
Casting the dead leaves down,
And uttered his warning voice to all,
In a sad and solemn sound ;
He breathed on the mountains and valleys deep
The breath of a swift decay,
And leaves, and flowers, and warbling birds,—
All fled, like a dream, away.

Stern *Winter* then trod the frozen hills,
And his step was proud and high,
And the tall trees bowed with trembling awe
As he passed in fury by ;
I heard a sound like a funeral knell
Fall sadly on my ear,
I turned to look, and lo ! I stood
On the grave of the buried year ;

We are passing away with the seasons too,

We bloom and die like them—

We all do fade, as a leaf that fades,

And falls from its parent stem ;

We are passing away like the changing year,

To slumber 'neath death's cold wave ;

Our march is onward, and onward still,

To the dark and dreamless grave.

LINES

ON READING THE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS.

Bright gifted spirit! Thy dream is past,
Thy harp has ceased to thrill,
But the music of its minstrelsy
Is lingering round us still;
Thou art gone to the beautiful spirit-land,
That dwelt in thy thoughts so long;
Thou art gone, thou art gone, thou gifted one!
Where thy being is steeped in song.

The laurel was fresh on thy lucid brow,
And the praise of the world was thine,
The purest thoughts of the earnest soul,
Were offered at thy shrine;

But thy spirit turned from the worldly throng
To the smiles of that glorious band,
Who sing sweet anthems of endless joy,
Far off in a better land.

Thou art gone, thou art gone, to thy long-sought rest,
Thou art gone to thy home above,
Thou art gone where thy spirit can feel the might,
The fulness of perfect love ;
Thy broken lyre shall never breathe
Its numbers on earth again ;
But many a grateful heart still feels,
That thy life was not spent in vain.

Thy spirit longed for a happier clime,
For a holier home than ours,
Where thy joys and hopes had vanished all,
Like hue from the drooping flowers ;
Thy life is o'er, and thy dreams are fled,
And thy lyre has ceased to thrill,
But the music of its minstrelsy
Is lingering round us still.

THE CITY OF SILENCE.

THE City of Silence! who, who does not tread
With a trembling step o'er the graves of the dead?
Whose heart does not throb with emotion to stand
On the threshold that hides the invisible land?
Whose soul does not heave with a tremulous sigh,
To gaze on the spot where so soon we must lie?
Whose cheek is not dewed with affection's soft tear,
While wandering among the green solitudes here?

The heart is made better to tread this lone spot
And remember how soon we may share the same lot;
To think that our bodies, now breathing and warm,
Ere long will rest safely from life's gathering storm;

That our hearts, wildly beating with hopes and with
fears,

Will have ceased to remember their joys and their cares,
And the life-blood that flows through each warm-
gushing vein,

Ere long will be stopped, ne'er to course them again.

A few fleeting years, and all must lie down
To their dreamless repose in the gloom of the ground ;
And the hearts, that are beating so warmly to-day,
Ere long will be changed to the cold, silent clay.
Ye careless ! come nigh, and let fall a kind tear,
In this City of Silence ; it is good to be here ;
Shrink not from the thoughts that around you may
crowd,

For yours is the coffin, the grave, and the shroud ;
'Twill be yours to repose in the gloom of the earth,
'Twill be yours to leave vacant your place at the
hearth,

Then shrink not, oh ! shrink not, to tread this lone
spot !

Come nigh, and remember mortality's lot.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

THERE'S beauty in the azure skies

When morning bright appears,
And dew-drops tremble in the light,
Like holy angels' tears ;

THERE'S beauty in the opening flowers

That wave before the breeze ;

THERE'S beauty in the bending boughs,
And on the quivering leaves.

THERE'S beauty in the shining rill

That gently steals away,
With sunbeams dancing on its breast,
Like fairy forms at play ;

THERE'S beauty in the zephyr's breath,
As soft it glides along,

Low murmuring through the darksome wood,
Its sweet and plaintive song.

'There's beauty in the opening rose
That scents the winding vale ;
'There's beauty in each lovely flower
That blossoms in the dale ;
'There's beauty in the twilight hour,
When all around is still,
When forms are mirrored in the depth
Of nature's flowing rill.

When stars are looking from above,
Like holy angels' eyes,
Oh ! then there's beauty, wild and free,
In all beneath the skies ;
'The world is touched and mantled o'er
With beauty's glorious hue,
Had we but eyes and hearts to prize
The beautiful and true.

THE TIME TO DIE.

Let me die in the *Spring*, said a sweet young girl,
As she looked on the valleys green ;
Let me die in the Spring, and her cheek grew bright,
As she gazed on the joyous scene ;
Let me die when the flowers are opening fresh,
When the zephyrs in music sigh :
When the birds sing sweetly on every hill,
And the sunlight gleams on the laughing rill ;
In the Spring time let me die.

Let me die, let me die in the *Summer time*,
Said the youth as he looked around
On the verdant leaves, and the shades that lay
So still on the cool, damp ground ;

• Let me die when the birds are filling the air
 With their rich and varied chime ;
When the waves are raising their loudest notes,
And the breeze o'er the flowers in music floats ;
 Let me die in the Summer time.

• Let me die, let me die in the *Autumn time*,
 Said the strong man, as he stood
On a leaf-strewn Isle, and gazed far down
 Through the shade of the lonely wood :
When the leaves are falling upon my way,
 When the flowers are dying fast ;
When the winds sweep by with a solemn sigh,
And the clouds float, dream-like, along the sky,
 O then let me breath my last !

∫ Let me die, let me die in the *Winter time*,
 The way-worn pilgrim said,
As he pressed his hand to his withered brow,
 And bowed his whitened head.

Let me die when the storm is raging loud,
And clouds obscure the sky ;
I have wandered long in this wint'ry way,
My step is weak, and my head is gray ;
It is time for me to die.

The Christian stood on the Jordan of death, /
And smiled as the waves swept by,
Father ! he said, if thou willest it,
Let thy suffering servant die ;
Let me pass away from the ills of life,
To a fairer and brighter clime ;
Let me find a holier place of rest,
Let me lean my head on thy loving breast ;
/ Let *me* die in *thine own good time.* ✓

THE STORM-KING.

THE Storm-King trod on the cold white hills,
And his step was proud and high ;
And the tall trees bowed with trembling awe,
As he passed in fury by ;
I come, he cried, from my Northern home,
From my bed in the frozen sea,
And anguish attends my steps as I come,
Make room, make room for me.

I passed proud ships as they rode on the wave,
All buoyant with life in their breast ;
And I gazed with scorn upon their gallant sails,
As I paused awhile for rest ;
The young, the good, and the fair were there,
Old age with its withered cheek,
Bright youth in the cloudless morn of life,
And childhood frail and weak.

But I swung them up on giant waves,
Then down in the surging sea,
And I clapped my hands at their horrid shrieks,
And laughed their fear to see ;
Down, down, still down in the boiling sea,
That ship and its crew I toss'd,
Till none were left of its noble band,
To mourn o'er companions lost.

Then after my work of death was done,
And the groans of the dying were o'er,
I left the ocean, and onward swept,
Till I came to a widow's door ;
I howled around in my fearful might,
Till her cottage in ruins lay ;
Then, whistling loud in my dreadful flight,
I resumed my destructive way.

I met a traveller, faint and wan,
His cheek was haggard and pale,
And I fanned his brow with my freezing breath,
In a loud and boisterous gale ;

He thought of his home and the loved ones there,
Who would hear his voice no more,
And he sank, benumbed on the cold white snow,
'Then perished amid my roar.

I saw the home of the frozen man,
Companion and children were there ;
But I laughed at the woe of the stricken band,
And felt, for their grief, no care ;
I swept them by in my stormy car,
And shouted aloud to hear
The low deep wail of the widow's heart,
For her friend and companion dear.

Your heart would burn, and your brain would whirl,
Could you know of my wild career,
Your lips would quiver, and your swimming eyes,
Grow dim with the falling tear ;
But ye know enough, though ye know not half
Of the Storm-King's powerful might,
And his voice ye may hear, as he rattles by,
In his stormy car to-night.

RESIGNATION.

WELL, if it must be so,
If I am doomed to part
From all I love, O! grant to me
A meek, submissive heart!
A resignation that can say,
My God, take all I have away.

Joy after joy decays,
Hope after hope has fled,
Friend after friend has passed away,
To slumber with the dead;
But yet another cup of pain
Is left for my wrung heart to drain.

Give me but strength to feel
And say, thy will be done ;
And I will give up all to thee,
Yes, give up every one,
Each idol I have cherished long ;
To Thee, to 'Thee they all belong.

Oh ! I have loved too well
The gifts that thou has sent,
Forgetting when I called them mine,
That they were only lent ;
'Then take them each, take every one ;
'Thy will, not mine, O ! Lord, be done.

Give me true faith and hope,
Give me thy *perfect love*,
And from this stubborn heart of mine
Each murmuring thought remove.
Give me thy grace to suffer long ;
Oh ! let me suffer, and be strong.

/ From Thee life's blessings come,
All joy, all peace, all hope,
Thy justice lays me in the dust,
But mercy lifts me up ;
I pass beneath thy chastening rod,
And say "thy will be done," oh God !

THE VIOLET.

/ THERE is an humble little flower
That blossoms in the valley's green,
The loveliest of sweet Flora's gifts,
In modest beauty it is seen.

/ No watchful eye above it bends,
No hand defends it from the blast,
It waves before the zephyr's breath,
Yet stands unbroken 'mid the blast.

/ Filled with the fragrant morning dew,
It sparkles like an angel's eye,
Revealing through its crystal tears,
The beauty of the far-off sky.

/ 'Tis thus *Humility* is found, *True*
Remote from honour, fame, and power,
It seeks the shady walks of life,
And blossoms, like this modest flower.,

TO THE MEMORY

OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

“WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life’s early morning has hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o’er the spirit’s young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.”
[MOORE.]

MOURN not for her, she is at rest,
Far, far beyond the starry skies,
Where gathering clouds no longer dim
The sunlight of her beauteous eyes ;
There with the glorious, blood-washed band,
She dwells in love and union sweet,
Where comes no more the sad farewell,
Nor mournful sound of parting feet.

The bloom of health was on her cheek,

The light of hope illum'd her eye,

She looked like one too pure to live,

Too bright and beautiful to die ;

But the relentless spoiler came,

And touched her with his blighting hand,

And like a bird, from prison free,

She passed into the spirit land.

Mourn not for her, she was too pure,

Too frail for this bleak world of ours ;

And God has kindly called her up,

To bloom amid celestial bowers ;

Soft as the breeze that Summer brings,

The death-spirit o'er her bosom stole ;

And gently as the morning dew,

Arose to Heaven her ransomed soul.

There with the saints in glory crowned,

Before her Father's throne she stands,

With songs of glory on her lips,

And palms of victory in her hands ;

True, she was lovely in this life,
 But she is lovelier, fairer now,
 Since God has wiped her tears away,
 And set his seal upon her brow.

Sweet spirit! Dost thou ever bend,
 From thine eternity above,
 To guard thy lov'd ones lingering here,
 And gild their pathway with thy love?
 Be thou a beacon light, to guide
 Their barks across life's surging sea,
 A bright and beauteous star, whose beams
 Shall light them to eternity.

Ye stricken ones! Forget your grief,
 Your lovely child has fled to Heaven,
 Where parting words are heard no more,
 And love's bright link is never riven;
 She is a flower in Paradise,
 A jewel on her Saviour's brow,
 Your loss is her eternal gain,
 Weep not, she is an Angel now.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

THE twilight is deepening around me,
All nature is silent and still,
No sound on the zephyr comes near me,
Save the song of the lone Whippoorwill.

The moon, in her beauty is rising
High o'er the shadowy pines,
And her pale rays are gracefully falling
Through the leaves of the clustering vines.

Earth has not a vision so lovely,
As twilight in beautiful June,
All mantled in purple and crimson—
Far sweeter than morning or noon.

How soothing, to wander at twilight,
And dream of sweet memories past,
And look to the fanciful future,
Before us so mazily cast.

Our loved ones are absent no longer,
The dead seem to rise from their sleep;
But reality scatters the vision,
And we waken to truth, but to weep.

WHERE ARE THEY ?

“ I stood amidst the scenes of my childhood, but the friends of my youth were gone far away. The trees were stripped of their bloom. The gay carol of the feathered songsters was hushed ; and desolation waved her wings over the deserted halls of Ivon. In the bitterness of despair, I called,—Where are they ?—and the distant hills gave back the shout, and echo answered ‘ Where ? ’ ”

[OSSIAN.

WHERE are they now, where are they,
The loving and the loved,
Who once in days departed,
About this homestead moved ?
I call, but no one answers,
I speak, but none will hear.
The distant hills give back my voice,
And Echo answers—“ Where.”

Where is the loving Mother,
Who watched my early years,
And knelt beside my couch,
And prayed for me with tears ;
Who guarded me in childhood,
With tenderness and care ?
The sounding hills send back my call,
And Echo whispers—"Where."

Where is the kindly Father,
Whose love was deep and pure ?
I see him here no longer
As in the days of yore ;
His voice no more steals near me
And vacant is his chair ;
I call his name—but Echo,
In mockery answers—"Where."

Where are my kind young Sisters,
And Brothers, where are they ?
Have they too gone and left me,
Could none among them stay ?

Could none remain to bless me,
Will none my anguish share ?
Where are they, Oh ! where are they ?
Sad Echo answers—"Where."

Where are they all, where are they,
Will they return no more,
Are all our happy moments
And social meetings o'er ?
My native hills are round me,
But none I loved are here,
And when I call, where are they ?
Cold Echo answers—"Where."

Ah ! who is there to love me,
Along life's lonely way,
Since those I fondly cherished,
Have passed, all passed away ;
I call, but no one answers,
I speak, but none will hear,
The distant hills give back my voice,
And Echo answers—"Where."

THE ITINERANT'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I WILL cling to thee, I will cling to thee,
As the ivy clings to the forest tree ;
I have left my beautiful home afar,
I have left the voices of kindness there ;
I have left the eyes that 'round me shone,
And the hearts that loved me, *for thine alone.*

I will cling to thee when thy way is bright,
When thy path is teeming with love and light ;
When shadows are gathering around thy brow,
When thy heart is sad that is joyful now,
When the waves roll high on affliction's sea,
And thy bark is tossed, I will cling to thee.

I will cling to thee, I will cling to thee

Through the desert wide, through the foaming sea,
In the lowland swamp, on the mountain side,

Where'er thou goest, my feet shall glide ;

Thy home, *my home*, till death shall be,

And, *in thy death*, I would die with thee.

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

The world, for me, no longer wears
A beauty or a bloom ;
Since all I loved and cherished most,
Lies buried in the tomb.

I once was happy as a lark,
But now those days are gone,
And I am left an orphan child,
All desolate and lone.

I do remember well the time,
When I was glad and free,
A little laughing merry child,
Upon my father's knee.

When on my gentle mother's breast
I laid my nestling head,
And listened with attention deep,
To all the words she said.

And when low kneeling at her feet,
She taught me how to pray ;
I never thought such love as hers,
Could ever pass away.

But she is gone—that mother dear,
Gone to a world on high—
Gone to a home, where tears no more,
Can dim her cloudless eye.

I know she is an angel now,
Among the saints in light ;
And when I lay my weary head
Upon my bed at night.

I feel that she is near me still,
Her orphan child to keep,
To fan me with her spirit wing
While silently I sleep.

I have no father—mother—friends ;
Alone I am on earth ;
A stranger in a stranger's land,
Beside a stranger's hearth.

There's none to love and bless me here,
Since my dear mother died ;
Oh, would that I were sleeping now,
Thou loved one ! by thy side.

But mother ! when I go from hence
I'll meet thee in the skies,
Where parting never comes again,
And love no longer dies.

PEACE OF MIND.

WHERE, where is peace? earth's giddy ones ex-
claimed,

When pleasure palled upon the sickened heart,
Where, tell me where, oh! spirit-cheering maid,
Sweet peace of mind! tell, tell me where thou art?
Earth's gilded pleasures echoed back the sound,
Not here, not here, sweet peace of mind is found.

The pampered miser gazed upon his hoard
With eager eyes, yet silently he turned
From all his treasure with a sickened heart,
A lonely feeling in his bosom burned.
Where, where is peace? in agony he cried;
Not here, not here, the hoarded wealth replied.

Ambition's vot'ry gained the lofty hill,

Where fame's high temple reared its tow'ring head.

Alone he stood upon the cloud-capped mount,

In silent anguish, trembling and afraid;

Where, where is peace, delightful peace of mind?

I sought it here, but searching could not find.

The reckless wanderer from the path of life,

With careless steps pursued the way to death,

Till vengeance threw its curses on his head,

Then prayers for mercy trembled on each breath;—

Where, where is peace? the dying sinner cried,

'Tis found in Christ, his conscience quick replied.

The Christian walked with holiness and fear,

The road that leads to everlasting rest,

Storms howled around, and angry billows rolled,

Yet all was calm and tranquil in his breast;

At peace with God, at peace with all mankind,

He found that rest the world can never find.

A HOPE IN HEAVEN.

IF joys which thou hast cherished long,
Be severed from thy heart,
If thou hast seen thy brightest dreams,
Like sunbeams, all depart ;
If from the tendrils of thy soul,
Its dearest ties be riven,
Faint not, thou hast a living hope,
A glorious "*hope in Heaven.*"

! If ever on thy pathway here,
A dark'ning shadow lies,
If all thy pleasures pass away,
Like sunlight from the skies ;
If friends grow cold, if earthly hope,
Be from thy bosom driven,
Look up! for lo! thou hast a hope,—
A better "*hope in Heaven.*"

If fortune frowns upon thy life,
If earth is dark to thee,
If sadly heaves thy little bark
On life's tempestuous sea ;
If every friend and every joy,
Be from thy pathway riven,
Faint not, thou hast a fadeless hope,—
A steadfast "*hope in Heaven.*"

LINES FOR A FRIEND,

ON HER BEING COMPARED TO AN ICEBERG.

· Nay, do not tell me, that my heart
Is cold as mountain snow,
You do not know the fires of love,
That in my bosom glow ;
Aye, know you not, how hushed and still
The deepest water lies,
Know you, how voiceless are the waves
That on its surface rise ?

! O! tell me not that I am stern,
And cold as winter's breeze,
When mournfully it floats along,
Amid the lifeless trees ;

My heart is much too warm I ween,
Its love is all too deep,—
Too deep for all the changing things
That o'er my spirit sweep. *ju*

I am not,—O! I am not cold,
Whate'er the world may say,
The darkest cloud of night conceals
The moon's divinest ray;
And though my words and looks may be
As cold as wint'ry snows,
Remember still, the deepest stream,
With lightest murmur flows.

MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

“HE told me, as he was passing up the river, he looked out upon the water, and saw the reflection of the most beautiful cloud, on which was painted every colour of the rainbow ; and, as he was gazing, the evening star shone out ; and as its bright rays glanced down on the reflected cloud, he thought it like the love of a departed mother lingering around the pathway of her child.”

[*From the letter of a friend.*]

It is the hour of closing day,
The sun has gone to rest,
And pencil'd clouds of every hue,
Are mantled o'er his breast ;
The winds go flitting softly by,
Scarce raising as they pass,
The ripples on the river's breast,
That shines like polished glass ;
The blossoms that have leant all day,
Above the silvery stream,
Are folding up their rich soft leaves,
In dewy rest to dream.

The day has parted from the hills,
And from the mountain side,
And glancing sunbeams now no more,
Upon the waters glide ;
And singing birds no more are heard,
Along the winding hill,
Their songs are hushed, 'tis evening now,
And all around is still,
Save the low rippling of the waves
Against the vessel's side,
And the soft tread of passing feet,—
All,—all, is still beside.

Deep mirrored in the water's breast,
A glorious cloudlet lies,
A cloud, in richest garments drest,
Reflected from the skies ;
And on its brow the evening star
Reflects its holy light,
And makes the waves, that else were dark,
All beautiful and bright ;

I linger with enraptured heart,
For 'tis so like the love,—
The warm affection that shines down,
From fondest hearts above.

So like my mother's clinging love,—
Long suffering years have fled,
Since silently they laid her down,
Among the sleeping dead ;
And yet I know she loves me still,
I feel that she is near,
I know she hears my faintest sigh,
And sees my every tear ;
And, like the star-light on yon cloud,
Her love illumines my way,
And brightens up the waves of life,
With hope's divinest ray.

I know thou watchest o'er me still,
My mother! well I know,
Thou lookest from thy far-off home,
On all my steps below ;

And O! I feel that whilst I live,
Thy love will gild life's wave,
And guide me, with a pilot's care,
Down to the shadowy grave;
Oh mother! let thy heavenly light
Around my pathway shine,
Until my soul is purified,
And filled with love like thine.

THE TWO LOVERS.

THEY stood on the shore of the sounding sea,
And the pale moon trembled o'er them,
And stars looked down from the deep blue sky,
And the proud waves rolled before them ;
And there, 'mid ocean's endless roar,
They vowed to love forever ;
Alas ! alas ! that the hand of time,
Should fondest spirits sever.

The pale moon sank o'er the waters dim,
And the lovers were there no longer ;
The love in their hearts was strong indeed,
But the hand of death was stronger ;
The maiden knelt by a couch of death,
Her cheek was pale with weeping,
And her warm tears fell on her lover's breast,
As he lay in his white shroud sleeping.

They laid him down in the silent dust,
Where the flowers were gently waving,
And bright green leaves of the forest trees
In refreshing dews were waving ;
'Tis thus, 'tis thus, that the dearest ones
On earth are doomed to sever,
But the world above is the home of love,
Where hearts are one forever.

I CANNOT SAY FAREWELL.

/ I CANNOT, cannot say "farewell,"
In silence let us part,
In silence let us break the chain
That binds us, heart to heart ;
No—that were vain, our hearts have been
Too long linked up in one,
To be, by this last parting scene,
For evermore undone.

/ I cannot, dare not, say "farewell,"
Take back thy hand, I pray,—
'Take back thy hand, I cannot breathe
That solemn word to-day';
I've said "farewell" in other days,
But now 'twould break my heart ;
In holy silence go thy way,
If we are doomed to part.

I cannot, cannot say "farewell,"

My heart is full of tears,

O let us part in silence now,

Too many are my fears,—

Too many are my broken hopes,

To breathe that bitter word;

"Good bye!" if thou *wilt* press my hand,

Let not "farewell" be heard.

I LOVE THEE YET.

THOUGH change has passed upon thy heart,
And all thy early truth is gone,
Believe me, I will love thee still,
As fond as I have ever done ;
Though weeks and months have passed away,
Since I thy look of coldness met,
And though we parted coolly then,
I love, I prize thee fondly yet.

I never thought, I never dreamed,
That time could change such love as thine,
Alas ! how weak was I to weigh
Another's truth and love by mine ;
I look upon the sunny hours
I spent with thee, and no regret
Comes o'er my spirit, for my heart
Still loves thee deeply,—fondly yet.

O! mine is not a heart to cast
Affection's holy trust away,
When once it loves it still remains
Unaltered to life's latest day;
When I survey the broken ties
Of friendship, tears my eyelids wet,
And though thy heart is changed—alas!
I love thee, prize thee fondly yet.

THE DYING BOY.

IT was the hour of midnight, and the winds
Howled through the leafless branches, like the wail
Of disembodied spirits; and the clouds
Hung dark and heavy o'er the sleeping town,
As if they frowned upon the blackened deeds,
And thoughts impure, and words of vile deceit,
That rose, like a "thick cloud," to Heaven.

In a low room,
Where the broken doors and windows, scarce kept out
The wintry winds and the cold driving snow
From its inmates, sat a watcher pale,
Her midnight vigils keeping o'er a boy
Upon her breast reclining. His pale cheek
And paler brow glowed in the flickering light

Of the uncertain taper, like a vase
Of polished alabaster. His thin hands
Were folded on his bosom, and a smile
Oft wreathed his wasted lips as if sweet thoughts
Of heavenly beauty were stealing through his soul.

Faint and low

The quick uncertain breath flowed from his breast,
Upheaving like the ocean; and his heart
Throbbled quickly, and then stood still a moment,
As if 'twere weary; and the quivering pulse,
In his small arm, beat busily the while,
And seemed to count with joy the passing hours
That bore him nearer to the gate
Of the Heavenly City. Tears,—hot tears
Fell on his little bosom from the eyes of her
That all night long had watched him; and the heart
Of that mother trembled with a love
And fear, by lips unuttered. And each breath
Of that fair sleeper, fell upon her soul
Like a rich treasure. Oh! the untold grief,
The deep and speechless agony that twines
Itself within our bosoms, when we feel

That one on whom our fondest love is fixed,—
One whom our hearts have cherished,—one whose
voice

And smiles and looks and tones,—whose very self
Is mingled with our being, must lie down
In the cold grave apart from us, and sleep
That sleep “which knows no waking!”

Great God! thy ways are dark, but thou art just,
These gifts were thine ere they were ours;
Oh give us strength to give them back to thee
With patient resignation.

Night and morn

And busy day passed on, and still the boy
Slept on his mother's bosom. Evening came
With its deep stillness, robing all the earth
With a thick veil of mystery. The bright sun
Had gone to his calm slumber; and the stars,
One after one, stood on the brow of night,
In their own glorious beauty. And the moon
'Trod the blue sky in majesty divine,
And spread her silvery beams upon the earth
'That lay enveloped in a robe of snow

In holy silence sleeping. Still the lamp,
With its faint flickering light, burned in the room
Of that deserted watcher, as she sat
With her dying boy close to her bosom prest,
In deep unuttered sorrow.

Soft and slow

He raised his dark fringed eyelids, and looked up
And smiled upon his mother. He raised
His tiny arms and clasped them round her neck,
And gently whispered, "Mother! sorrow not;
For I am going home to the bright land
Where dwell the holy angels. While I slept
So sweetly on your gentle breast, I dreamed
That I had died and left you, and had passed
Through death's dark waters. And methought
That all the blessed saints and angels bright,
Came down to meet me; and they took my hand
And led me upward, shouting as they flew
Up to the golden city, 'Welcome home
Thou child of many sorrows! Welcome home,
And live with us forever!' And they sang
Songs of such heavenly beauty; and their harps

Gave out such rich toned music, that I stood
Entranced amid their circle. Then a voice,
Deeper and sweeter than the rest I heard,
Calling me up. It was the King of kings,
The Lord Jehovah sitting on his throne,
Crowned with eternal glory. And I stood
In his immediate presence, singing praise
For my deliverance from this world of woe
And sorrow and affliction. And I saw
My brother and my sister in the crowd,
Near the white throne standing. We shook hands
And smiled and shouted, and they tuned their harps
And passed through the whole band of happy spirits,
And shouted as they flew,
'Our little brother has come home at last.'

Mother dear !

Grieve not at my departure. Even now methinks
I hear them calling. Oh ! let me go !
I long to mingle with them. Fare thee well !
And when beside my little grave you stand,
Shed not a tear, your boy will be a seraph in the
skies."

The mother bent

Her pale brow upon his little breast,
And pressed her trembling hand upon his heart,
But it had ceased to beat. His pure soul
Had broken through its tenement of clay,
And put on LIFE IMMORTAL.

“MAKE TO THYSELF A NAME.”

[MRS. HEMANS.

WHERE shall I make a name to live when I
Have passed away from earth? Where shall I write
A memory to exist, when, as a sigh
Of the swift wind, my spirit takes its flight
Into the unseen land? Wealth! wilt thou hold
My name upon thy bosom, wilt thou keep
'This treasured gift unsullied, cased in gold,
When low in death, and dust and clay I sleep?

“Keep, keep thy name; I have no power
To aid thee after death,
Aye wouldst thou yield thy name to me?
'Twere frailer than a breath;

'Twere fleeter than a Summer flower,
Or than the ocean spray ;
I cannot hold it in my heart,
'Twould melt, like dew, away."

Fame ! wilt thou keep my memory, when I go
Away from earth up to the spirit clime ?
When I have passed life's faintly sounding shore,
When I have parted from the sea of time,
Wilt thou not keep my name locked in thy breast ;
And, like the ocean shell that moans
Of the deep sea, wilt thou not, of thy guest
Forever murmur, in sweet, solemn tones ?

"Yield not, yield not thy name to me,
I cannot keep it long,
'Twill vanish from me, like the low
Soft music of a song ;
'Twill fade as fades the hues of even
When night comes quickly on,
'Twill fade, until the last deep cord
Of memory is gone."

Hast thou a place, O Father! for my name,
A name to live forever? I have tried
The pomp of wealth, the panoply of fame;
And Father! lo thy child has been denied
A place within them; hast thou a place for me,
A place of endless fame? Let my cry
Come up, O Father! unto thee;
Give me a name,—a name that cannot die.

“Make to thyself a name, my child,
Make to thyself a name;
But make it not in glittering gold,
Nor yet in earthly fame;
These to the fleeting earth belong,
These bear the thorns of strife,
Make to thyself a name to stand
IN THE LAMB’S BOOK OF LIFE.”

TO A YOUNG FRIEND IN SORROW.

I DID not deem when last we met,
That grief would cloud thy brow so soon,
That sorrow would be thine, e'er life
Had changed its morning into noon ;
I did not deem that earth's cold blight
Would fall so soon upon thy brow ;
I could not think that one so bright,
So fair and beautiful as thou,
Could wear so soon the badge of woe,
And care and suffering on thy brow ;
Alas ! the brightness of thy lot
Is gone, and thou art stricken now.

Sad one ! my heart is sore for thee,
I mourn above thy fortune changed,—
I mourn above thy blighted hopes,
Thy comforts gone, thy friends estranged ;

I mourn above the love that dies

In human hearts, like flowers that fade,

I mourn that friendship such as thine

So soon, alas ! should be betrayed ;

I mourn that life so soon has flung

Upon thy brow its darkening shade,

Alas ! alas ! that time should break

The brightest garland it had made.

SING AGAIN THAT SIMPLE STRAIN.

O SING, once more, that melting strain,
'Tis steeped in memory's light,
It wakens up ten thousand thoughts
From Lethe's shrine to-night ;
It calls to mind the loved ones lost,—
A dear familiar train,
It leads me back to other days ;
Then sing it once again.

I loved that sweet familiar song
In days that now are gone,
'Twas sweet at evening's stilly time,
'Twas sweet to me at morn ;
'Twas sweet to me in sorrow's hour,
'Twas sweet to me in pain ;
Then sing once more that touching air,
Sing that sweet song again.

O there was one, whose voice like thine,
Soft as a zephyr stole,
Now melting every heart to tears,
Now flashing through the soul,
Now softening down the troubled thoughts,
Now lifting them on high,
Until we felt 'twas happy thus,
'Twas glorious thus to die,—
To pass on music's breath away,
To worlds beyond the sky.

Then touch those thrilling notes again,
'Tis not an idle prayer,
You do not know how many bright,
Sweet memories are there ;
You do not know how much of joy
Dwells in that simple strain,
You do not know how dear it is ;
O sing that song again.

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

O! if we had no hopes beyond
The confines of the grave,
If all our dreams of future life,
Died with time's parting wave ;
How desolate this world would be,
How joyless would we stand,
Shut out from faith and hope and love,
In this cold tearful land.

Thrice blessed thought! *we have* a hope
Beyond the bounds of death,
Beyond the darkening clouds of earth,
"Where life is not a breath ;"
A hope that, when our toils are done,
And life's dull cares are o'er,
We shall sit down at God's right hand,
In bliss for evermore.

'Then let us bear without a sigh,
The gathering ills that rise,
God hears us in our deep distress,
He counts our tears and sighs;
He bids our troubled hearts be still,
He bids our sorrows flee;
Come, Lord! and cheer our drooping hearts,
We wait,—we wait for thee.

WHAT IT IS TO BE ALONE.

WHEN is the heart alone ?

Alone on life's dark sea,

When do we live apart

From all things, when do we

Feel separate from all below,

Lone birds upon a desert shore ?

Not in the dim old woods

Where sparkling waters meet,

Not where the blossoms spring

So sweet around our feet,

Not where the songs of birds

Make vocal all the air,

Not where the zephyrs float,

Not there, O no, not there ;—

Earth has a deeper solitude

Than reigns in sky, or sea, or wood.

It is, to look on eyes

That answer not to ours,

It is to walk unloved

In life's thick peopl'd bowers,

To meet a thousand smiles,

And list to many a tone,

And yet to feel there is no heart

That answers to our own ;

O ! this it is to be on earth

Alone, alone, alone.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF FLOWERS.

O! dost thou think my dear kind friend!

That these pure flowers are vainly given,
These flowers that speak to me of hope,
Of friends, of joys, of love and Heaven?

No, no, from every polished leaf,
Methinks I hear sweet voices stealing,
Sweet voices sinking in my heart,
Its deepest fount of love unsealing.

They speak to me of hours gone by,
They speak to me of the departed,
They tell me of our household band,
The kind, the true, the gentle hearted;
They speak to me of brightening hopes,
Of hopes o'er life's dark billows gleaming,
Of hopes whose radiance like a star,
Comes through the storm clouds brightly beaming.

They tell me of a happier clime,
A clime unknown to pain and sorrow,
They tell me that the hopes that die
To-day, may be renewed to-morrow ;
They tell me of immortal bloom,
Beyond this toilsome life of ours ;
Thy gift, though small, is not in vain,
It spreads a glory round my room,
It fills the air with its perfume,
And makes the heart forget all pain ;
O what a wealth there is in flowers.

NAME NOT THE DEAD.

NAME not the dead, O let their names
Be sacred as their dreamless rest ;
Or, if thou name them, let it be
To those who knew and loved them best ;
A stranger cannot feel the loss
Of one, who was to him, unknown,
A stranger cannot mourn like thee ;
Then let thy grief be only known
To those whose hearts have deeply felt
Afflictions, painful as thine own.

Name not the dead who slumber low
Beneath the cold and silent clay,
Breathe not their names before the vain,
The heartless, careless and the gay ;

Keep thou their memories in thy heart,
Too sacred for the lip of mirth,
Too sacred to be breathed aloud
Before the heartless ones of earth ;
O name them only in thy home
Around the old familiar hearth.

Name not the dead, or if thou do,
O name them not in strangers' ears,
'They will not, cannot, weep with you,
They sigh not at your sorrowing tears ;
Name not the dead, O let their names
Be sacred as their dreamless rest ;
Or, if thou name them, let it be
To those who knew and loved them best.

THE VOICE OF EVENING HOURS.

WE come, we come with our dreamy eyes,
With our solemn step and our muffled sighs,
And our gentle songs, to bid you cease
From the toils of day, and whisper peace
To the troubled hearts that have throbbed all day,
As if they were throbbing themselves away.

We bring the clouds to the western sky,
And we tinge them o'er with the sunset dye ;
We spread a mist over the earth around,
And we hush the echo of every sound ;
Save the night-bird's song, and the murmuring rill,
And the wind spirits, calling from hill to hill.

We come, and we bring to the solemn wood
A holier shadow of solitude ;

We spread over the valleys a deeper shade,
And the leafy isle, and the flowery glade
Are gemmed with drops of the pearly dew
That softly fall from yon world of blue.

We come, and we bring to the weary rest,
We bring a balm to the suffering breast,
We bring a joy to the bleeding heart,
We come, and the cares of day depart,
As we bathe ourselves in the moonbeams pale
And shroud the earth in a misty veil.

We come, we come, we have chased away
The last faint gleam of departing day,
We have tenderly closed the eyes that weep,
We have folded the flowerets up to sleep ;
With a wreath of stars we have crowned the night,
And the earth is bathed in their silvery light,
Till the things below and the things above
Seem touched with hues from the throne of love.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY ASLEEP.

DREAMER! are thy thoughts to-night

Filled with images of light?

Yes! of joy thou dreamest now,

By the calm upon thy brow;

By the smile so warm and pure,

Wreathing on thy cheek of snow,

Dreams all beautiful and bright

Flit around thy couch to-night.

Dreamest thou of future years,

Of a life unstained by tears,

Of a pathway strewn with flowers,

Sprinkled o'er with dewy showers?

Dreamest thou that joys will twine

Ever round that brow of thine,

Bathed in hope's effulgent light,

Dreamest thou of this to-night?

Dreamest thou of friends and home,
Do thy thoughts sweet dreamer roam
To thy native wild wood bowers,
To thy native rills and flowers,
To thy native hearth, where truth
Flings a halo round thy youth,
Crowning life with love and light,
Dreamest thou of this to-night?

Yes, I know thy thoughts are there,
Where thy heart's best treasures are ;
Eyes that long have kindly shone,
Now are beaming in thine own ;
Gentle hands are clasping thine,
Loving arms around thee twine,
Pleasant voices round thee glide,
Like sweet ripples on a tide,
Giving to thy heart delight,
Whispering words of love and light.

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

THE day has pleasures of its own,
The sunlight and the shade,
It hath the voice of singing birds,
To gladden hill and glade ;
It hath the blossoms and the breeze.
The dew-drops shining bright ;
But dearly as I love the day,
More dear to me is night.

Night brings the memory of the past,
Each word, and look, and tone,
It brings the eyes with brighter light,
That in the day-time shone ;
It brings the images we love
Before our dreaming sight ;
I love the day-light and the dew,
But dearer still, the night.

Night is for thought, deep thought and prayer,—
Prayer to the Eternal King,
Night for the soul to nestle close
Beneath his sheltering wing ;
Night for communion with ourselves,
And with the saints in light ;
The day-time has its joys,—but O !
I love,—I love the night.

BE PLEASANT.

Be pleasant in thy household,
Be pleasant at thy hearth,
A home where dwells affection
Is the brightest place on earth ;
Be pleasant when thou feelest
The world's ungentle touch,
A smile will cost thee nothing,
A frown may cost thee much.

Be pleasant to thy *mother*,
Her heart is sad and sore,
She has enough of sorrow,
Why should'st thou give her more ?
She has lived through years of sadness,
And on her withered brow
Is the foot-print of affliction,
Be pleasant to her now.

Be pleasant to thy *father*,
He is old, and weak, and pale,
His life is now as tedious
“As a twice repeated tale;”
The pleasantness of childhood
Would make his bosom thrill
With a joy too deep for language;
Be pleasant to him still.

Be pleasant to thy *brother*,
Though erring he may be,
One word of admonition,
One pleasant smile from thee,
May win him back to virtue,
And happiness and joy;
Be pleasant, if thou would'st not
His happiness destroy.

Be pleasant to thy *sister*,
Her spirit may not twine
Around the many objects
Where firmly twineth thine;

Her heart may differ from thee,
She loves thee fondly yet,
Be pleasant, O! be pleasant,
If thou would'st not feel regret.

Be pleasant 'mid thy trials,
Though dark and strong they be,
Thy Saviour never murmured,
He suffered more than thee ;
Be pleasant in thy household,
Be pleasant at thy hearth,
A home where dwells affection
Is a Heaven itself on earth.

THE LOVE OF THE HEART.

O! PRIZE them not lightly ; the tendrils that start
Into beauty and life from the soil of the heart,
Like sunbeams they sparkle and gleam on our way,
Like beautiful blossoms around us they stray,
With their joy-giving odour. O! a love that is ours,
Is brighter than sunbeams and sweeter than flowers.

'The love of the heart! 'Tis a beautiful thing,
'Tis a fountain where pleasures unceasingly spring,
It lights up our darkness, it brightens our way,
It sheds on our prospects a heavenly ray,
It lessens our sorrow, and makes all that we see,
Beam brightly as sunlight that falls on the sea.

The friends that we love with the heart's glowing
trust,

They fade not, they fall not in darkness and dust,
The grave for a season may hide them from view,
And forgetfulness grow where affection once grew ;
But the morning of life in eternity breaks,
And the sleeper once more to affection awakes.

Then prize it not lightly, the love that has stole,
Like a heaven-touched dream round the home of the
soul,

Love brightens our pathway, it scatters life's gloom,
It sheds o'er our spirits its fragrance and bloom,
It softens life's sadness and calms all its strife,
It fades not, it droops not, it dies not with life ;
'Tis an amaranth flower to mortality given,
It blossoms on earth, but it ripens in Heaven.

TO AN AFFLICTED MOTHER.

I STAND on the spot where thy loved one is sleeping,
With the cold clammy dust on his beautiful brow;
And the dark trees around him like sad mourners
keeping
Close watch o'er the form that has mouldered ere
now ;
The last tint of day in the clear west is beaming,
The first ray of moonlight steals o'er the blue hills,
Through the dark waving pines in its wild beauty
gleaming,
'Till my heart with hushed rapture and gratitude
thrills.

The first star of eve on the sky is reclining,
Reflecting its light on yon beautiful wave,
Through the soft hazy clouds like an angel's eye
shining,
Lighting up, with strange beauty, thy child's forest
grave ;
The winds, in wild murmurs, around me are pealing,
Displacing the light leaves that shrink from my
tread,
Around his lone grave like a watcher they are steal-
ing
With muffled up feet, that they wake not the dead.

Sad mourner thy heart has been fearfully riven,
The dearest of ties from thy breast has been torn.
But look far above thee a promise is given,
Of peace and of comfort to spirits that mourn.
Thy beautiful child from thy heart has been taken,
To bind thee yet closer and closer to God ;
Thrice blessed are they who, by affliction, when shak-
ken,
Pass, meekly and patiently, under the rod.

And so hast thou passed ; but a world is above thee
Where the waves of affliction can touch thee no
more,

Where the child thou hast lost will be there still to
bless thee,

Where sickness and sorrow and parting are o'er ;
Yes, there thou shalt fold to thy desolate bosom
That spirit so early recalled to the skies,
Where flowers of beauty eternally blossom,
And the love of the heart never withers or dies.

THE WELCOME HOME.

WHAT was thy welcome home,
Pilgrim from earth set free?
Voice, and harp, and song,
Shouts of rich melody,
Glad smiles and beaming eyes,
And angels floating through the skies;
This was thy welcome home.

What was thy welcome home,
Thou weary traveller! say,
Who bid thee taste the joys
Of everlasting day?
Angels, and friends, and God;
And seraphs shouting come,
And harp notes pealing through the sky;
This was thy welcome home.

THE MIDNIGHT SERENADE.

HARK ! through the midnight gloom I hear
A soft melodious strain,
It rises on the stilly air,
Then sinks and dies again ;
It echoes like a spirit's voice,
Through mountain, hill and glade,
It fills my heart with joy ; it is
“The midnight serenade.”

Breathe not a word, wake not a sound,
Break not the thrilling spell,
Mar not the melody that suits
My own heart-harp so well ;
Sing on with joyful hearts and free,
In yonder moonlight shade,
And let me weep ; O ! sing on still
“The midnight serenade.”

Much loftier music have I heard,
Chaste music rich in art,
But ne'er has melody like this
E'er fallen on my heart ;
I love the wild, the glad, the free,
The music that is made
By heart and ear ; O ! sing on still,
"The midnight serenade."

'Tis gone,—I hear light footsteps now,
Slow passing down the lawn,
The music sinks and dies away,
'Till every note is gone ;
O ! many a year may pass away,
And many a memory fade,
E'er I forget that Heaven touched song,
"The midnight serenade."

“THE SMALL SWEET COURTESIES OF
LIFE.”

SOME gems there are most beautiful,
Most rich and pleasant to behold,
They are not corals, diamonds, pearls,
Nor rubies yet, and yet not gold ;
They fling a sunshine round our hearths,
They soothe like balm each troubled strife,
They gild with joy our homes, they are
“The small sweet courtesies of life.”

Our earth would be a lonely place,
A sad abode without these gems,
More precious to our hearts they are
Than glittering gold or diadems ;
Without their rays divine and pure,
Our path with bitterness is rife,
Earth would be drear and dark without
“The small sweet courtesies of life.”

Rich boons they are to mortals given,
Bright blossoms on our pathway laid,
Sweet flowers whose fragrance will not die,
Whose glorious colour will not fade ;
They are the joy of young and old,
Of brother, sister, husband, wife,
The father's pride, the mother's bliss,
"The small sweet courtesies of life."

If thou wouldst have a happy home,
A cheerful house and hearthstone bright,
Keep, keep those jewels in thy heart,
Day after day, and night by night ;
If thou wouldst banish from thy door,
All bitterness, and gloom, and strife,
I charge thee to remember well,
"The small sweet courtesies of life."

THE MISSIONARY'S BURIAL AT SEA.

HE left his home, his own sweet home,
He left his native land,
He left the hearth he loved so well,
For a home in a distant land ;
He left the eyes that round him shone
With affection fond and pure,
To carry the words of life and truth
Away to a heathen shore.

He left his home, his native land,
In manhood's cloudless prime,
To dwell, a light to the heathen world,
A star in their darkened clime ;
He has suffered long, he has suffered well,
But the toils of life are o'er,
And the pains, the ills, the fears of earth
Will touch his heart no more.

As a star goes out in the morning light,
As a dewdrop melts away,
As the sunlight dies on the western hills,
As floats the ocean spray ;
His soul passed up to its glorious home,
Where all is bright and free,
And they folded him up in a winding sheet
And buried him in the sea.

I AM NOT ALONE.

I do not mingle with the gay
And thoughtless ones of earth,
I join not in the giddy dance,
Where all is joy and mirth,
Where pealing laughter, free and wild,
On every breeze is borne,
Where every lip is wreathed in smiles ;
But yet, I'm not alone.

I'm not alone, I have the trees
Around me bending low,
I have the winds to roam with me
Where'er my footsteps go ;
I have the blossoms for my friends,
Though frail and small and weak,
They whisper holier things to me,
Than mortal lips can speak.

I have the birds to sing for me,
From morning until night,
They warble, warble, till my heart,
Is lost in wild delight ;
And then the streams and silvery rills,
That murmur in the dell,
They always have some pleasant things
And precious truths to tell.

I have the moon to shine for me,
From evening until morn,
Her beams for me, like spirits bright,
Go dancing on the lawn ;
And O ! the stars, the holy stars,
In their sweet homes of blue,
That twinkle brightly all night long,
These are my treasures too.

Aye, all of these my comrades are,
And all things speak to me,
From the proud mountain, to the drop
That trembles in the sea ;

And while the birds can sing, and while
The zephyrs have a tone,
While flowers can bloom and forests wave,
I'll never be alone.

I do not ask the gilded things,
That wealth or fame bestows,
They come, and quickly glide away,
Like dew drops from the rose ;
Then think not I am lonely, though
I dwell in solitude,
*I'm lonelier in the crowded hall
Than in the silent wood.*

SABBATH EVENING.

Another Sabbath day is gone,
Gone to return no more,
Another wave of time has passed,
To the eternal shore ;
Another day of sacred rest,
Is numbered with the past,
And who that lives on earth can say
"It will not be my last."

The sunlight, from the hills is gone,
And from the silent sky,
And through the woods the autumn wind,
Floats murmuring gently by,
And over all a holy mist,
Falls softly as a veil,
And shrouds, in deepest loveliness,
Each mountain, hill and dale.

/ There is a holy calm around,
A hush that may be heard,
A hush that is not broken by
The song of lute or bird ;
And yet there is a glorious voice
Around me every where,
A voice of rest, a voice of peace,
In ocean, earth and air.

) O ! sweet has been the holy rest
The Sabbath day has brought,
And rich has been its happiness,
In feeling and in thought ;
It tells that when our Sabbaths here,
On earth have all gone by,
We may secure a day of rest,
A Sabbath in the sky.

THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

There is a burden in my breast,
A burden on my heart,
A shadowing thought of loneliness,
That will not thence depart.

A saddening memory of the past,
A something undefined,
Half dream and half reality,
Comes crowding on my mind.

A misty vision dimly seen
Through life's departed years,
It is no thought of joy, and yet
It is no thought of tears.

It is no thought of broken hopes,
No dream of pleasures fled,
No memory of departed joys,
No memory of the dead.

It is the *phantom of the past*,
'The ghost of other hours,
'That mingles memory's jewels up
Like dimly penciled flowers,
Until the past is like a mist
Of faint and fleecy showers.

THE BALM OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

/ There is no sunshine without shade,
No morning without night,
And darkness adds a brighter beam
Of radiance to the light ;
The sweetest rose conceals a thorn
Beneath its petals fair,
And if our paths were void of thorns
No flowers would blossom there.

, There is a joy for every grief,
A balm for every woe,
A cordial for each wounded heart
That suffers here below ;
A better resting place than this
To faithful spirits given,
Release from all the toils of earth
And lasting peace in Heaven.

AWAY TO THE HILLS.

Away! away! to the bright green hills,
Where the flowers in light are blooming,
Where the zephyrs poise on airy wings
To drink their sweet perfuming;
Where the songs of rills are heard around
Like the voice of spirits stealing,
And the mournful call of the wood-dove wild
With the song of the lark is pealing.

Away! away! to the hills away,
There are friends, kind friends to greet us,
There are gentle eyes to face our own,
And loving smiles to meet us;

There are soothing words from affection's lips,
And hearts with gladness bounding,
Away to the hills, to the bright green hills,
Where nature's harp is sounding
With the songs of birds and the voice of rills,
And the breath of zephyrs singing,
'Till the rocks and trees and the valleys deep,
With the notes of joy are ringing.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S SONG.

Alas ! alas ! for the love of earth,
It dies as the flowerets die,
It glows a moment then fades away,
Like a star from the morning sky ;
The love of earth ! 'tis a fleeting thing,
'Tis a dream that is quickly o'er,
It has touched my heart with its golden wing,
But I can love,—can love no more.

The love of earth ! I have deemed it true,
I have bowed at its sunny-shrine,
I have felt that the hearts which round me grew
Were mine ; in affection mine ;
But the dream is past, I have learned at last
That all are not true below,
Who whisper the fondest and kindest words ;
And now I can love no more.

Alas! alas! I have wound my heart

'Round the things that have soonest died,

I have seen them vanish and perish all,

Like flowerets at my side ;

And the friends I prized, are altered now ;

Alas! that it should be so,

That the heart should be in its trust deceived,

And learn to love no more.

I can love no more ; they have deemed me cold,

They shall deem me colder yet,

For think, O think, can the wounded heart

Its bleeding wounds forget? *never*

Like the stricken dove that folds its wing,

The trace of the dart to hide,

Thus would I veil my heart from all,

And vanish in stately pride,

THE WANDERING BIRD.

THERE came to our forests a wandering Bird,
It moved 'mid the leaves as if something it feared,
It perched on the boughs of the dark bending trees,
And floated along like the wing of the breeze ;
And soft, as my spirit bent over that bird,
From its desolate bosom, low numbers I heard.

“ I am alone in the forest dim,
Alone, alone, I must chant my hymn,
The birds I loved have left me all,
They are gone to dwell in a summer hall,
They have soared away to a clime more free,
And a bluer sky,—alas for me !
I linger here in these dark old woods,
I roam along through their solitudes,
Where no song is sung and no step is heard,
Alas ! alas ! for the stranger Bird.”

“Lone Bird,” I exclaimed, with a tear and sigh,
As I looked in its soft and bewitching eye,
“Thou art not a stranger forever alone,
There’s many a spirit on earth like thine own;
Thou wandering Bird, knowest thou, that thou art
Portraying the loneliness of many a heart.”

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

✓ THERE is a golden rule in life,
A rule both just and fair,
Most worthy to be borne with us,
Where'er, whoe'er we are ;
It is a rule which when obeyed,
Makes glad the heart like dew,
It brings a happiness to all,
The many and the few,—
“Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you.”

When fortune smiles upon your path,
| When all your hopes are high,
When pleasure with her syren song,
Goes floating softly by ;

When joys and friends and wealth are yours
 And life looks bright and true,—

“Do unto others as you would
 That they should do to you.”

Remember, fortune's smile may change, *They may*
 Your riches may decay,

Your pleasures like the morning dew,
 May swiftly glide away ;

“The summer friends who love you now,
 To-morrow may be gone,”

The fondest ones may turn aside,
 When poverty comes on ;

Then scorn not the affection of
 The poor and humble few,—

“Do unto others as you would
 That they should do to you.”

TWILIGHT HOURS.

It is the soft sweet hour:

The hour of holy twilight, when all things
Have wrapped themselves in shadows. 'Tis the hour
Of soothing retrospection, when the past
Comes back in its rich beauty, bringing all
The scenes of "by-gone hours," all hopes, all joys,
All dreams of pleasure, all regrets, all tears,
All names, all recollections, and all words,
All deeds, all looks, all images. Ah me!
How much the past can tell us? what rebukes
It bears upon its bosom! and how much
It warns us of the future!

Twilight hours

Were made for contemplation. To my soul
They seem like dark low chambers, where my heart
Can go for hushed communion, and drink in

The sweet dews of reflection. Where all things,
All hopes, all joys, all memories, seem to glide
Into one holy channel, and go up
Like sweet incense to the Eternal. One such hour
Spent in his sacred presence, far outweighs
The many hours, the days, the months, the years,
Spent in search of worldly pleasures. One such hour
Is worth the lifetime of a man whose thoughts
Are always bent on earth.

THE MERCY SEAT.

THE hopes and joys and sweets of earth

How faint and few they are,

The brightest dream that fills the heart

Leaves but a shadow there ;

Our dearest friends, how soon, alas !

“How soon they change or die,”

And friendship's glow, how oft it fades

Like sunlight from the sky,

E'en in our love we may destroy

What we too dearly prize,—

May blight and break the very heart

We more than idolize.

Alas for earth, how vain it is,

How false are all things here,

The brightest smile that wreaths the lip,

Is shadowed with a tear ;

It matters not who loves us here,
It matters not if fame
Comes with her jewelled hands to weave
A garland round our name ;
And vainly may ambition strive
To fill the longing mind,
Some aching void within its cells,
Our restless spirits find.

There is *one* place to which the soul
For still repose can fly,
One only place of refuge found
Beneath the azure sky ;
One place where cares that vex us now
Come not to mar our rest,
Where thoughts of blasted hopes and joys
Flit not across the breast ;
A place where peace comes o'er the heart
Like zephyrs soft and sweet,
A place where all our earth may go,—
IT IS THE MERCY SEAT. *yes*

HOW SLEEP THE DEAD.

How *sleep* the dead, comes there no breath
Of sadness to the house of death?
Are all its inmates still and cold,
And dreamless in their white shroud's fold,
And voiceless as the icy clay?
The dead! the dead! how slumber they?

How *rest* the dead, comes there no care
Into their hearts, no slavish fear?
Have they no thoughts of coming years,
Of blasted hopes, of bitter tears,
Of youth's bright days too early fled,
Ah! tell me now, how rest the dead?

How *dream* the dead, does memory call
Back to the heart its visions all,
Do friends beside them walk again,
Dream they of friendship's golden chain,
Dream they of joys too early fled?
How sleep, how rest, how dream the dead?

“FORGET ME NOT.”

SHE sat and sang, “Forget me not,”
That sweet and touching strain,
And as the music floated off,
In a melodious chain,
Our hearts grew sad, and o’er our souls
There came a solemn spell,
And with the harmony of sound,
Our bosoms rose and fell,
As through our minds there stole the thought,
The saddening thought that we,
Who met in joy so fondly then,
Would soon forgotten be.

Forgotten, aye, by those we loved,
The gentle and the pure,
Forgotten, like a wave that breaks
Upon the sounding shore,

Forgotten, like the blighted leaves
That in the forest fall,
Forgotten by the friends we loved,
Forgotten, aye, by all ;
Alas ! alas ! what deeper woe
Could o'er the spirit come,
Than this forgetfulness ? The thought
Is shadowed with the tomb.

She sat and sang "Forget me not,"
We gathered round her chair,
The kind, the true, the gentle ones,
The beautiful were there ;
Our hearts were sad, for O ! we felt,
We would be parted soon,
And mournfully our aching hearts
Kept swelling with the tune ;
And every eye was dimmed with tears,
And grief was on each soul,
And smothered sighs from every breast,
In sweet accordance stole.

Then suddenly the clouds dispersed,
And through the open door,
A sunbeam bright came dancing in,
All beautiful and pure ;
And like a promise tenderly,
It rested on us there,
And flitted, like a "thing of life,"
Around the Singer's chair ;
It lingered for a moment there,
Then vanished with the strain,
And whispered as it floated off,
" You all shall meet again."

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BRIGHT be thy lot, may blessings fall
Upon thy head where'er thou art,
May every joy that life can give,
Find place within thy youthful heart ;
And O ! should sorrow sometimes come,
Should peace from thy pure heart be riven,
Look not for happiness below,
But turn thine eyes from earth to Heaven.

Take Her, that young and trusting one,
She is thine own entirely now,
Take her, and with thy gentle love,
O ! chase the shadows from her brow ;
Remember that she leaves for thee,
The friends and home she loved so well,
And trustingly she goes with thee,
Away in other homes to dwell.

. Take her, and may she be through life,
 The light and beauty of thy way,
 A star, whose beams shall pilot thee
 To the blest shores of endless day ;
 May goodness, purity, and truth,
 Through all her words and actions shine,
 Thy friend, thy counsellor, thy wife,
 A loving woman made divine.

/ Bright be thy lot, may sorrow's cloud
 Ne'er gather o'er thy prospects fair,
 But if it should, O ! may it pass,
 And leave a brighter sunshine there ;
 And when across thy bounding heart,
 The last dark wave of life is driven,
 O ! may it waft thee onward still,
 And safely to thy home in Heaven.

OBLIVION.

THERE is a stream, a dark still stream,
That wanders slowly on,
That hides beneath its voiceless wave
The memories that are gone ;
That covers in its watery shroud
The sorrows we have known,
And stills the voices we have loved,
With its low muffled moan.

Yet o'er that dark and solemn tide,
Fond memory oft doth gleam,
And recollections lift themselves,
Like shadows, from that stream ;
A moment's space they linger there,
A dim and misty train,
Then hide themselves, and Lethe's wave
Rolls over them again.

O ! there are memories, that the waves
Of Lethe cannot hide,
Sweet memories, that float above
That still and sullen tide ;
Like watch-fires gleaming through the past,
Like sunlight through the storm,
They throw a garb of holy light
Around each imaged form.

And there are memories, dark and stern,
That flit above that stream,
And through the misty past we see
Their glances on us gleam ;
Like phantoms rising from their shrouds,
With noiseless steps and slow,
They glide before our swimming sight
On dark oblivion's shore.

WILD FLOWERS.

SUGGESTED by hearing a gentleman say he did not like wild flowers, because they reminded him of an uncultivated mind.

O! GIVE me the flowers, the fresh wild flowers,
That grow on the dark green hills,
That bend, like spirits of love and light,
Over the clear blue morning rills;
That wake to life in the young spring time,
On the valley, hill and dale,
And breathe their holy fragrance out,
On the wings of the passing gale.

I love the flowers, the fresh wild flowers,
That grow in the dark old woods,
Their beauty gladdens their shady bowers,
And brightens their solitudes;

They bring a light to the loving heart,
They soften our daily cares,
They hush the sigh, and they dry the eyes
That have long been wet with tears.

The bright wild flowers ! O ! tell me not
Of flowers in a garden cell ;
Can the pent-up bud of a prisoned flower
Compare with the bright blue bell,
That winds its tendrils around our feet,
When we roam through its tangled maze,
And hold our breath, with a wild delight,
To list to the blue bird's lays ?

.

O ! the wild fresh flowers ! the wild bright flowers !
They are dear, they are dear to me,
I love their fragrance soft and sweet,
As its floats on the zephyrs free ;
When they lift their heads to the bright blue sky
And smile in their leafy bowers,
Methinks there is nought on earth can vie
With the beautiful wild wood flowers.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

When the bleak winds of winter
Are howling around,
And the snow-flakes are falling
Like pearls to the ground,
When the tempest is stealing
Around to your door,
And you shrink from its terror,
Remember the poor.

When around the warm hearth-stone
You gather at night,
When your friends are all with you,
And your hopes are all bright,
When you count with affection,
The loved number o'er,
As they cluster around you,
Remember the poor.

When plenty surrounds you,
And comforts are yours,
When heaven each moment
Some blessing bestows,
When pleasures, the sweetest
And dearest, you know,
O! turn from them often,
To think of the poor.

SLEEP IN PEACE.

SLEEP in peace within the grave,
Low beneath death's tranquil wave,
Cares no longer pain thy breast,
In thy deep and quiet rest,
Sleep in peace.

Storms no longer round thee roll,
Sins no longer vex thy soul,
Parting words are heard no more,
Every trial now is o'er,
Sleep in peace.

Who, ah ! who would call thee back
To this dark and dreary track,
Who would bid thee live again,
Slave to sorrow, sin and pain,
Far from peace ?

Thou art happy, happy now,
With thy glory-beaming brow,
With the blood-washed saints on high
Far beyond the starry sky,
Rest in peace.

LINES WRITTEN IN GEORGIE'S ALBUM.

, THE world is all before thee now,
Its joys, its hopes, its fears,
And life for thee may beam with smiles,
Or be baptized in tears.

I know, dear girl, that wealth and power,
Cannot true peace impart,
I know that these are not the things,
To satisfy the heart.

^{True}
I know that earth-born joys decay,
While yet we call them ours,
I know that pleasures pass away,
Like Autumn's fading flowers.

And oh ! I ask that deeper joys,
May round thy spirit flow,
Than earth with all its gilded pomp
And pleasures can bestow.

Oh ! may the purest blessings rest
Upon thy youthful head,
And may religion's holiest light,
Around thy path be shed.

May peace and love along thy way,
In glowing radiance shine,
May goodness, gentleness, and truth,
Around thee brightly twine,

'Till thou art loved and blest by all,
The aged and the young,
'Till praises on thy cherished name,
Shall fall from every tongue.

Farewell! we may not meet again *Mollie*

On life's tempestuous sea,

This world has many a different path,

And ours must different be.

But while I live, my fondest prayer,

Through life shall ever be,

That joys, the purest and the best,

May always rest on thee. *B*

And if we meet no more on earth,

O! may we meet above,

Where pain and parting all are o'er,

And life is lost in love. *e*

TO A LOVED ONE OF OTHER DAYS.

don LIKE a veiled dream thy memory comes,
Soft stealing round my heart ;
I see thee, yes, I see thee now,
All noble as thou wert.

I hear thy tones, thy lute-like tones,
So soft, so deep, so clear ;
And thy sweet silvery laughter rings,
Like music in my ear.

Oh ! think not I shall soon forget,
Thy nobleness and truth,
Think not I will forget thy name,
Thou sunshine of my youth.

Thy name, thy words, thine image still
 Around my spirit clings,
 The brightest, loveliest and the best,
 Of all remembered things.

Can I forget thee? no! oh no!
 By all departed hours,
 By all the hopes that round us twined,
 I'll think of childhood's bowers.

Thou noble one! I know not what
 My coming lot may be,
 But while there's life within my breast,
 I will remember thee. *yes I will*

LET ME DREAM OF HEAVEN.

YE guardians of the night!

That round my bed-side stand,

Ye shadowy throng that rise

Up from the viewless land;

O! tell me not of earth,

Of joys that it has given,

Tell, tell not of the past,

But let me dream of Heaven.

Tell, tell me not of all

The hopes that I have known,

The hopes that long ago,

Like blossoms round me shone;

Tell, tell me not of joys

That o'er life's sky were driven,

Like snow-drops melting as they fell;

But let me dream of Heaven.

Ye spirits ! tell me not

Of friendship's fettering chain,

Aye, know ye not how soon

Its links are rent in twain ;

Know ye how soon alas !

The heart-cords may be riven,

O ! tell me not of these,

But let me dream of Heaven.

O ! speak not of the things

That bind me to this earth,

Speak not to me of home,

My own dear "home and hearth ;"

Tell not of all the friends

That have to me been given,

Away with these, and all such dreams,

And let me dream of Heaven.

FRIENDSHIP.

/ O FRIENDSHIP ! thou, the balm of life,
Thou soother of our woes,
Without thy sweet solacing power,
Where should we find repose ?
Thou art the star that lights our way
Across life's stormy sea,
Without thy beams, without thy light,
How dark this world would be.

/ Still cheer me with thy holy trust,
Still let me find in thee,
A shelter from the storms that rage
Upon life's surging sea ;
And when my fragile bark at last
Across its waves are driven,
O ! may the friendship, lost on earth,
Be found again in Heaven.

THE SUNBEAMS.

SPORTING on the river's breast,
Here and there the sunbeams rest,
Dancing on the brooklet bright,
Skipping on the mountain's height,
Looking through the clouds that lie
Softly on the azure sky,
Giving colour, one by one,
To every thing beneath the sun,
Gladdening sea and earth and air ;
Glorious things the sunbeams are.

Stealing through the faded leaves
Down upon the cottage eves,
Soft and silently they lie,
Quivering as the winds pass by

With delight, this earth would be
Dark without the sunbeams free,
Gladdening sky, and sea, and air,
Scattering brightness every where,
Dancing here and sleeping there ;
Glorious things the sunbeams are.

THE RAINBOW.

A RAINBOW trembled in the sky,
A rainbow pure and bright,
Soft as a Heaven-born dream it stood,
Rejoicing in the light ;
'Twas born of rain-drops and of clouds,
Of darkness and of gloom ;
A promise sent to whisper hope
Of better days to come.

And it has left a promise still,
A promise in my heart,
A gleam of light whose radiant beams
Shall never hence depart ;
For like that rainbow in the sky,
We see life's future years
All bright with hope, and like that bow,
"These hopes were born in tears."

O! when life's latest day arrives,
And time is ours no more,
When down to death's cold sleep we bend,
And life's sad hours are o'er,
When we, like leaves are falling fast,
Down to the silent grave,
O! may the arching bow of hope
Gleam on time's dying wave.

TO ONE WHO SAID

“THERE IS NO NEED OF PRAYER.”

O! HAST thou seen thy hopes and joys

All broken at thy feet,

And yet disdained to seek relief,

Low at the mercy seat?

Hast seen thy pleasures melt away,

Like music on the air,

And felt, while mourning o'er the past,

There was no need of prayer?

No need of prayer! O! if thy heart

Has ever loved its own,

If friendship's star, upon thy soul,

Its radiant light has thrown;

If joy has ever filled thy cup,
If love has mingled there,
Then hast thou had the constant need
Of humble, *grateful* prayer.

Behold the earth around thee spread,
The work of God's high hand,
Behold the stars like worshippers,
That in his temple stand ;
The wonder of his mighty power
Is round thee every where,
For all life's benefits, O man !
There's cause for thankful prayer.

If thou hast thanklessly received
The gifts which God has given,
If thou acceptest without prayer,
The benefits of Heaven ;
Remember thou, a time shall come,
A certain joyless day,
An hour, O man ! when thou wilt kneel
In prayer, but can'st not pray.

EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.

BENEATH this stone in soft repose,
Is laid a mother's dearest pride,
A flower, that scarce had waked to life,
And light, and beauty, ere it died ;
God, in his wisdom, has recalled
The precious boon his love had given,
And though the casket moulders here,
The gem is sparkling now in Heaven.

HOME.

1 THERE is a spot where all our hopes
And all our thoughts, like young birds, gather,
It is our home, our native home,
Where we have smiled and wept together ;
The home where life's first hours were spent,
The place that saw our young hearts dawning,
The place, the happy place where we,
Rejoiced in life's unclouded morning.

We may forsake that place of truth,
1 And o'er the world as strangers wander ;
But absence from the things we love,
Will make each "fond remembrance fonder ;"
The birds, the flowers, the hills, the trees,
The willows bending o'er the river,
The grass that hemmed the brooklet's edge ;
O ! these are things forgotten never.

And all the words and looks and tones,
That gladdened us in days departed,
The smiles that met us when we came,
The tears that fell when we were parted ;
O ! these are memories that entwine
Around our hearts in joy or sadness,
They gild life's clouds even to the last,
And bathe our shadowy paths in gladness.

There is a home beyond the sky,
A home unknown to pain and anguish,
A home where parting comes no more,
A home where hearts no longer languish ;
A realm of everlasting rest,
A land of never fading flowers,
A clime where grief no more shall throw
Its mantle round these hearts of ours ;
A happy home, where we may dwell
Forever 'mid celestial bowers.

THE MUTE LOVER.

THEY tell me that he loves me,
They say he loves me well,
But why he doesn't tell *me*,
I'm sure I cannot tell ;
'They say his heart is with me
Where'er on earth I go,
But this is nothing to me,
Since *he* don't tell *me* so.

I very often meet him,
But then he looks so shy,
'That when he's asked a question,
He scarcely will reply ;
'They say he holds me dearer
Than all on earth below,
He's a strange uncommon creature,
Why don't he tell *me* so ?

I meet him at the party,
Our hands, they often touch
In the free and frequent greetings
That we admire so much ;
They say his love is constant,
Affectionate and pure,
I never will believe it,
Unless he tells *me* so.

But he will not, always, be
So backward and so shy,
I know it by the brightness
That sparkles in his eye ;
He'll tell me very shortly,
Of that I'm almost sure,
Although his *tongue* is silent,
His *eyes* have told me so.

A MESSAGE BY THE WINDS.

YE sounding winds! as ye wander by
With your solemn tones and your deep drawn sigh,
Oh! say to those who are far away,
As lingering over them, ye softly stray,
To come awhile over the white sea foam
To the kindly ones, who await at home
With burdened hearts and tearful eyes;
O! tell them to come to their own blue skies;
Where ye wander on through the lonely vale,
Where the moon looks down, all cold and pale,
And tinges with beauty each hill and grot,
Oh! say to the absent, "Forget me not."

In your onward march, if a cottage white
Peeps gently out from the vineleaves bright,
Where the sweet-brier twines on the doorway high,
And the whispering trees to the zephyrs sigh,

Where the grass grows green on the wide-spread lea,
And waves in your breath, an emerald sea,
Where the willows bend to the water's brim,
And the waves keep time with the skylark's hymn,
Where the sky is blue, and the woods are green,
And the butterfly glances the boughs between,
If you pass, in your wanderings, *that beautiful spot*,
O! say to my loved ones, "Forget me not."

If you pass by a home in a lonely glen,
Far, far from the busy haunts of men,
If you see the meadow all fresh and fair,
If you see the flowers that are blooming there,
Oh! whisper to *one*, in a *soft sweet tone*,
"Dost thou think of moments now past and gone,
Dost thou think of *a* friend that is far away,
As here 'mid these garden walks you stray,
Can your heart all thoughts of the past forget,
Do you love, do you cherish *his* memory yet?"
And whisper to *her*, as ye leave that spot,
In a low soft murmur, "Forget me not."

TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT PLAY.

YE happy children ! who may tell
How bright your lots may be,
Who, who can lift the misty veil
That hides from you the unseen vale,
Of joy or misery ?

Some,—some among you, well I know,
Will taste the sweets of life ;
And some will drink the cup that teems
With golden hopes and sparkling dreams,
With dewy freshness rife. °

And some will walk the thorny road
Where every rose has fled,
Where every bliss will flee away,
Where flowers will wither and decay,
And crumble at your tread.

Alas ! alas ! that joys like yours
Should come, but to depart,
That all the sunshine of each mind
Should pass away, and leave behind
A shadow for each heart.

THE VOICE OF DEATH.

O ! WHERE would ye hide from my piercing darts,
Would ye cling, would ye cling to the band of hearts
That are circling around you with such deep love ?
They would hide you away like a trembling dove,
In affection's cell with a clinging trust,
But ah ! ye must follow me, dust to dust.

I sleep on the mountain, I tread on the plain,
I ride on the waves of the proud rolling main,
I float on the breath of the wandering breeze,
And I lurk in the boughs of the shadowing trees,
And I hide in the mist that so gracefully flies
From the cold flowing river to blend with the skies.

I stand on the hills, and I rove in the dells,
I bend o'er the rock where the Serpent-king dwells,
I move on the brook, and I rest on the flowers,
As they spring from the earth in their vine man-
tled bowers,
Their fragrance steals fresh on the bright summer air,
But soon they will wither, for lo ! I am there.

I foam in the wine cup, I tread in the dance,
Through the bowers of pleasure I silently glance,
On the wing of the lightning my darts I bind,
And my message I send on the voice of the wind,
Through the din of the storm, through the tempest
cloud drear,
I call to frail mortals, "Be wise and prepare."

If love then be strengthless, and kindness and trust
Be powerless to hold us from silence and dust,
Then let us be taught, on *that* Source to depend,
Who loves and directs us, whose strength can defend
Our souls from death's sting,—who will stand by our
side

On the dark rolling billows,—our shield and our
guide,—

Whose glory will lighten each deep sounding wave,
And pilot us through the long vale of the grave.

THE UNSEEN BLISS OF HEAVEN.

f As fades the light of parting day,
f So friendship often dies,f
And love is like a meteor's ray
That lights the azure skies.

/ But eye hath never seen the bliss
That shall in Heaven be ours,
Sight has not reached its living strains,
Nor scanned its fadeless bowers.

! Ear hath not heard of all the joys
That shall surround us there,
Mind, human mind, has not conceived
Of aught so bright and fair.

/ O! then how lightly on our hearts
Should earthly trials fall,
Since God has promised, in his word,
A recompense for all.

/ Let us, as christian pilgrims press
Still onward in the race,
'Till we obtain those joys unseen,
In that delightful place.

/ Let us press onward to the skies,
And when life's toils are passed,
O! may we see our Father's face,
And dwell with him at last.

THE EXILE'S DEATH-SONG.

AN exile came from his native land,
And the tear on his cheek was stealing,
As memory sat on her silent throne,
All olden things revealing ;
His cheek was bright with the fever glow,
And his eyes were wildly gleaming,
And his life-blood fast as a rushing tide,
Through his bounding heart was streaming.

He thought of the home of his early years,
He thought of the dark blue river,
Where oft he had wandered with glad light steps,
And seen the bright waves quiver ;
Over the ocean foam his heart went back
To the beautiful solemn wild-wood,
Where oft he had strayed by his sister's side,
In the cloudless days of childhood.

He thought of his own loved hearth and home,
He thought of his watchful mother,
He thought of his friends o'er the briny foam,
And his grief was too deep to smother ;
In a mournful strain from his pale white lips,
His Death-Song soft came pealing,
Like a low deep wail from the spirit's heart,
Its pent-up thoughts revealing.

“ My heart is with thee, my native land !
My heart is with thee still,
On the flowery mead, on the mountain top,
On the bright and sunny hill.

My spirit is with thee, my father land !
My beautiful ocean isle,
I have left on thy bosom, my father's form,
And my mother's kindly smile.

'They are with thee still, they are with thee still,
Bright happy land of my birth,
I have left on thy shores, my native isle !
The joys of my home and hearth.

'They are there, they are there, they are mine no
more,
I am passing away to a brighter shore,
The Exile is free ; I go to dwell
In a brighter world—" Farewell ! Farewell ! "

The Exile gazed on the far-off shore
Where the billowy waves were bounding,
And the rushing wing of the mighty wind
Along on the beach was sounding ;
A change came over his manly brow,
Life's silver cord was riven,
And his spirit fled from this house of clay,
To its glorious home in Heaven.

THE ROSE AND THE PINK.

THE royal Rose, with her maidens fair,
Stole out in the hush of the evening air,
Their cheeks were bright with the hue of health,
And their hearts beat high with affection's wealth,
The world looked wond'rous bright to them,
And 'twas strange to see how each fragile stem,
Tossed to and fro on the balmy breeze,
And strove to mimic the grand old trees.

By a calm clear stream in the shady wood,
The royal Rose and the sweet Pink stood,
And the young queen smiled in her heart's delight
As she saw her face in the waters bright,
Like a mirrored star, she sighed, "heighho !
Whoever saw such a face before,
Whoever saw such a form as mine ?
I vow, through the water, it looks divine."

The Pink looked up with a modest grace,
And gazed with a smile on the fair queen's face,
"My friend!" she said with a kindly air,
"It is folly to doat on your bright form there;
It is wrong to be proud of those petals gay,
Which the breath of a zephyr might waft away,
And thy beautiful tints, they will quickly flee,
Then where, O! where, will thy beauty be?"

The Rose looked down with a glance of pride
On the Pink that stood at her royal side,
"How now," she answered, "you low-born Pink,
To warn and rebuke me, how dare *you* think?
My cheeks are made of the richest dye,
And no flower on earth with my charms can vie,
And all who have lived, or yet may live,
Decided preference to *me* will give."

Just then the zephyr came singing by,
Low chanting his evening lullaby,
He rocked the flowers of every hue,
And covered them up with sheets of dew.

He gave to the Rose his fragrant sigh,—
But she looked so proud when he passed her by,
And her air was so scornful, so high and stiff,
That he changed his sigh to an angry whiff,
So trembling down, she fell from her stem,
And lost, in her fall, her diadem.

The Pink looked up from her grassy bed,
And brushed the dew from her delicate head,
“Alas!” she whispered, with tears of grief,
“That the bloom of beauty should be so brief,
Where now is the glory that shone just now,
Like a halo bright, on our young queen’s brow?
It is best, it is best, by her early fall
Ye vain ones! remember, that thus fade all.

THE DYING MOTHER.

SHE had been like an angel watching o'er
Her little ones around her, day by day,
And, night by night, she bore them up to heaven
Upon the wings of prayer. She was to them as the
Bright sunlight warming into life
The summer flowers. Existence seemed to her
A tenfold blessing, when their bird-like tones
And wild and silv'ry laughter met her ear ;
And when she looked into their clear blue eyes,
And felt their warm hearts beating close to hers,
Life seemed to her a glory. And she bent
Fondly above them, till the gushing tear
Would steal from 'neath her eyelids, and her heart
Went up in thankful gladness unto Him
Who gave them to her keeping.

It was night ;
The pale moon cast upon the sleeping earth
Her mellow light, and hill and valley gleamed
With unearthly beauty. Rock and tree
And winding streamlet glittered in her rays,
Till every scene that met the gazer's eye
Was full of beauty, radiant and pure.
Within a lighted chamber, where the breeze
Came through an open window, slept the form
Of this devoted Mother. Dire disease
Had laid his hand upon her, and her brow
With death's cold dew was moistening, and her heart
Had almost ceased its throbbing.
Soft o'er her bed the tender watchers bent
To catch her dying whispers. She awoke,
And, gazing on her loved ones with a smile
Of calm, angelic sweetness, softly sighed,—
“Bring to me now my children. Death comes on
And life is fast departing. On my brow
I feel its cold dews falling, and this heart
Will soon have ceased its beating. Heaven appears
In all its radiant glory, and my soul

Longs to be gone from earthly things, and be
A dweller with its Saviour."

One by one,

They brought her children to her, and 'twas sad
To see how tenderly they clung to her,
And called her "*Mother*." Ah! they little knew
That love like hers could vanish. Their young hearts
Had never known a sorrow; and they stood
Smiling around her bedside, as if death
Had there no entrance. Gently to her side
The mother drew her children; and, looking up,
She laid her hand upon each little head,
With her last blessing; and with her latest breath,
She gave them to God's keeping, breathing out
Her struggling spirit in the strongest prayer.

"Father," (she said,)

"These little lambs I give unto thy care;

O! be 'Thou at all times very near,

When I am dead.

Thou, who hast been
The guardian of *my* footsteps, Thou wilt be
A guardian to the babes I leave with Thee,
Keeping them from sin.

Farewell ! farewell !
Ye precious lov'd ones ! I am going home
To a bright land beyond the silent tomb,
In endless rest to dwell.

Children, I go ;
The tender love that watched you day by day
Is passing from you silently away ;
Ye will not know
How fondly I have loved you, till I'm gone,
And you are left an orphan band, alone
To struggle on below.

Remember me
When I am here no longer, when this frame
Has mouldered into dust, oh ! let my name
Still sacred be.

Come to my grave
When daylight is departing, when each star
Is casting down its radiance there ;
When zephyrs wave
The bending trees above me, seek the spot
Where sleeps your mother, and forget me not.

Heaven bless you all !
Ye lights of my existence, on my ear,
In far off whispers joyfully I hear
The angels call.

I must away,
The time of my departure is at hand ;
I go, I go, to join the angel band,
In endless day."

Softly and sadly in each mourner's heart,
Her low-toned voice came stealing. On the heads

Of the young beings who around her stood
In breathless sorrow, tenderly she laid
Her wasted hands; and, with a mother's love
Gushing from her full heart, she passed into
"The spirit land."

THE WORLD WEARIED.

COMPOSED upon meeting with one, in a gay circle, who seemed
not to partake of the general joy around him.

HE stood amid a cheerful throng,
Bright glances round him shone,
But his spirit seemed a joyless thing,
Alone, alone, alone;

Strange beauty dwelt upon his brow,
And in his dark bright eyes
Was light, that might have mocked the stars,
That gem the silent skies.

Glad music pealed along the air,
Sweet voices round him stole,
But these, aye ! these were not the things
To fetter down his soul ;
His was the longing restlessness,
That struggles to depart
From all the dizzy cares below,
And join the pure in heart,
To soar above life's meaner things,
To rest where Angels rest,
To dwell where saints in union dwell,
To sit among the blest ;
These were the wishes and the hopes
That swelled his noble breast.

He had drunk deeply from the cup—
The gilded cup of fame,

And laurels beautiful and bright
Were wreathing round his name ;
And pleasure beckoned him away
Through all her giddy maze,
And life was all as beautiful
As in his early days ;
The bow of promise spanned his sky
And love her wings unfurled,
And yet that richly gifted one
Was weary of the world.

I marked him when the voice of song
Stole on his listening ear,
The mournful melody of notes
Awakened not a tear ;
And yet a shadowy veil would fall
Upon his brow the while,
Made darker, darker, by the light
Of his unconscious smile ;
And from his wond'rous eyes there beamed
A strange and fitful fire,

A light that shone like the last gleam
That marks a funeral pyre.
The hum of voices pressed his heart
And his pure lip was curled
As mournfully his spirit sighed,
“I’m weary of the world ;
Its coldness and its heartlessness
Has touched my troubled soul,”
And from his heart, the pent up thoughts
In wild deep numbers stole.

“Take back thy garlands earth ! take back
The garlands thou hast given,
They press too heavy on my brow,
I would these leaves were riven,
I would my spirit could escape
From this frail house of clay,
And soar away to a brighter sky,
And to a purer day ;
I’m weary of the giddy crowd,
Of all life’s dreary things ;

I'm weary of this heavy clay
That fetters down my wings,
I long for freer, higher life,
A purer fount of bliss,
I long for that bright world, where love
Is holier than in this ;
Earth ! earth ! thou hast not much to bind
My spirit to thee now,
In vain thy jewelled fingers twine
Rich garlands 'round my brow ;
I turn with weariness from all
Thy joys, I would depart,
I would mount up to higher scenes
And join the pure in heart."

He ceased, and in his dark soft eye
A deeper radiance shone,
And a calmer mood of melody
Dwelt in his manly tone ;
A softer look was on his brow,
And on his moulded cheek

Were written thoughts that mortal tongue

May never, never speak ;

He seemed a glorious spark of life

From earth's wide orbit riven,

His thoughts were all unlinked from ours,

And fixed alone on Heaven ;

World-wearied Pilgrim, turn like him

From all life's gilded toys,

And seek for treasures where no rust,

Nor cankering worm destroys.

“I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT, I AWOKE,
FOR THY HAND SUSTAINED ME.”

AMID the stilly hours of night,
In quiet rest I slept,
While thy sustaining arm, O Lord !
My soul in safety kept.

Thine angels round me hovering stood
To whisper dreams of bliss,
Dreams of a happy land of rest,
Far from the ills of this.

I woke, for thy sustaining hand,
Was still beneath my head,
And morning o'er my waking hours,
Its holy incense shed.

I see the wonders of thy hand
In every flower and tree,
And marvel that thou shouldst behold
A worm so frail as me.

Thy mercy, everlasting Lord,
Has led me on thus far,
Beneath thy all protecting hand,
Thy children need not fear.

Help me to love as thou dost love,
My fierce and bitter foes,
Teach me to hide another's faults
And heal another's woes.

Teach me to fly alone to thee
In sorrow and distress,
Teach me to love and praise thee more
And love my idols less.

O ! bind around the sacred cross,
Each wandering thought of mine,
Let me forget my stubborn will,
And yield, with joy, to thine.

THE LAST ROSE.

THE last rose is fading,
Its beauty *has* fled,
Its leaves are all withered
And drooping and dead.

But still, a sweet fragrance
Is stealing around,
Though its beautiful petals
Lie low on the ground.

'Tis falling, 'tis falling,
That beautiful rose,
To slumber forever
In dreamless repose.

Each breeze that sweeps o'er it
Seems sadly to say,
"The last rose of summer
Is passing away."

'Tis thus that we blossom,
'Tis thus that we die,
We bloom with a smile,
And depart with a sigh.

But like that sweet rose,
May we leave in each heart,
A record of worth
That shall never depart.

BRING BACK THE PAST.

“CALL them, let me see them.”

[SHAKSPEARE.

BRING back the past, I fain would see
The faces that I loved of yore,
Bring back the friends who used to be
My playmates long, aye, long ago ;
I know them well,—those who belonged
To our familiar household band,
I knew them well,—those who have thronged
The portal to the spirit land.

Bring back the past, the varied past,
With all its hours of grief and pain,
I'd bear the tempest's wildest blast
To taste its hopes and joys again ;

Ah ! brighter flowers have bloomed for me
Than all the future can bestow,
The rose is gone, and now I see
Ten thousand thorns around me grow.

Bring back the past to me once more,
And though, alas ! no longer mine,
I would review the number o'er
Of those I loved in "Auld lang syne ;"
Oh ! call them back, e'en though they bring
The shroud, the coffin, and the pall,
Let not oblivion's brooding wing
Around their sacred memories fall.

Bring back the past, for there are friends
And hopes, and joys, all buried there,
The bright smile with the tear-drop blends,
And holiest memories there appear ;
Roll back thy tide, thou sea of time !
And bring me back the lost once more,
Bring back my childhood's sunny hours
And all the joys of "long ago."

“LOVE GOD, LOVE TRUTH, LOVE VIRTUE,
AND BE HAPPY.”

[POLLOK.

“Love *God*,” while youth is on thy brow,
And joy is in thy heart,
Love God with all thy powers now,
Ere youth’s bright dreams depart ;
He claims from thee thy heart, thy all,
Oh ! let the boon be given,
Give God thy heart, and thine shall be
Eternal life in Heaven.

“Love *truth*,” her hand will guide thee safe
Thro’ life’s tempestuous wave,
Her light will be a lamp to lead
Thy footsteps to the grave ;

Her arm will bear thee up thro' all
Earth's ever dark'ning cares,
While blackened error "falls and dies
Amid her worshippers."

"Love *virtue*," hold within thy breast,
Her pure and sinless name,
Oh ! leave her not, to tread the paths
Of folly and of shame ;
Her steps will lead thee to that land
Where joys no more depart,
Where sin and grief no more can come
To touch the pure in heart.

"Be happy," mercy every day
Upon your path descends,
God gives to you all needful things,
He gives you health and friends ;
He bids you come to him and dwell
Among the sainted blest,
"Love God, love truth, love virtue, and
Be happy" in that rest.

THE FIRESIDE.

THE "fireside!" what a mystic spell,
What magic in that word doth dwell!
The sailor boy, far, far from home,
As bounding o'er the ocean foam
The noble ship is sweeping fast,
Like a proud bird before the blast,
Back to his home his thoughts will glide,
Back to his own loved "fireside."

He sees his father's brow of white,
He sees his sister's eye of light,
He sees again his mother's face,
And feels, once more, her fond embrace;
He sees again his brother's form,
Like sunlight glancing through the storm,
And in the bounding billows wide,
He sees again his "fireside."

The warrior rushing o'er the plain
A moment drops his bloody rein,
And sends his thoughtful spirit back
O'er life's long, bright and beauteous track ;
He sees again his mother's eye,
He hears again her heaving sigh,
When, on his cheek, her hot tears fell,
And soft she whispered, "Son ! farewell ;"
He sees again his sister's tear,
He sees his father's brow of care,
And fondly back his thoughts will glide
To that loved spot, the "fireside."

When storms are gathering o'er our way,
When every joy has passed away,
When fortune frowns, and friends are few,
When those we loved have proved untrue,
Oh ! then, how sweet, to turn aside
To our loved home and "fireside."

HEAVEN.

/ WHEN o'er our pathway, dark and chill,
Life's lowering clouds are driven,
How sweet it is to look and find
A cordial for the troubled mind,
A soothing calm in Heaven.

/ When from our hearts, like blossoms bright,
The dearest ties are riven,
How sweet to find on Jesus' breast
A holy calm, a sacred rest,
A blessing sent from Heaven.

| When we have tasted sorrow's cup
Which God has wisely given,
How sweet it is to look on high,
And see with faith's illumined eye
The kind concern of Heaven.

And when upon life's latest hour
We stand through Christ forgiven,
How sweet the hope of meeting those
Who slumber now in hushed repose,
All landed safe in Heaven.

Lord ! let thy billows and thy clouds
Across my track be driven,
But let me find my bark at last
Far, far beyond this dangerous coast
At rest with thee in Heaven.

Let sorrow, suffering and distress
To me be freely given,
What God appoints I gladly bear,
'Twill soon be o'er, we know there are
No suffering hearts in Heaven.

BIRD OF THE MORNING.

BIRD of the morning ! Thy beautiful lays
Carry me back to life's earlier days,
Back to the years when no sorrow was mine,
When, like the ivy that encircles the pine,
Fondly my heart in its gladness would cling,
Closely and firmly to each beautiful thing.

Bird of the morning ! Sing on in thy glee,
Holy and sweet is thy music to me,
Soft as the dew drops, it falls on my breast,
Lulling its griefs and its sorrows to rest,
Calming the fears of my desolate heart,
Bidding its clouds and its shadows depart,
Taking me back to the days that are gone,
Bird of the morning ! Sing on, sing on !

THE BROKEN HEART.

f THERE'S an hour when the heart like a delicate vine,
Encircles the nearest and tenderest things,
And fondly and firmly through sunshine and storm,
Around its loved shelter tenaciously clings ;
But, Oh ! when the tendrils that bound it are crushed,
When the tempest has severed the delicate chain,
It droopeth away from the spot it had loved,
And falls to the earth, ne'er to flourish again.

[Thus, the heart that is broken by cruel distrust,
Shrinks back from the place where its tendrils once
grew, — *from home*
And droops like a floweret, when wholly bereft
Of the light of the sun, and the strength of the
dew ;

The smile may seem joyous, the eye may be bright,
And the brow wear no trace of a lingering care,
But the All-seeing Eye that looks down on the heart,
Knows well that a blight and a shadow are there. *Howe*

THE MOUNTAINS.

“'T'HANKS be to God for the mountains.”

[*Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*]

THE mountains! aye, the mountains!
How beautiful they rise,
In dark and awful grandeur,
Against the azure skies.

There's a beauty in each lofty crag,
A majesty sublime,
That scorns the mildew of decay,
And mocks the flight of time.

Man's proudest works have crumbled,
And fallen to decay,
And empires have departed,
Like fleeting winds away ;
Thrones to the dust have fallen,
Proud kings have lived and died,
And kingdoms strong have tottered down,
In spite of all their pride.

But ye have stood the test of time,
Ye mountains ! high and proud,
Ye stand unmoved in the trackless air,
Each clad in a mystic shroud ;
There shall ye stand through time,
Untouched by dull decay,
Till Heaven and earth shall disappear,
Like a meteor's flash away.

How many holy memories
 Around the mountains throng !
How many deeds enacted there
 Have been embalmed in song ;
But when the bard's sweet numbers
 No more on earth shall thrill,
The high and holy mountains
 Will tower above us still.

From Sinai's shrouded summit
 To Calvary's blood-stained sod,
Where died for our transgressions,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
The chain of memory circles
 Around each sacred spot,
And through eternity to come,
 They shall not be forgot.

Stand, stand, ye "sacred mountains !"
 Stand in your beauty grand,
Stand ye as glorious monuments
 Of the Almighty's hand ;

Tell all the world around you,
O! publish it abroad,
“Earth, with her thousand voices,”
Sends praises up to God.

A SKETCH OF ANNIE.

SHE is a thing of joy and mirth,
The beauty of unconscious worth
Hangs o'er her like a golden spell,
And mantles all her faults so well,
That even were she vain and proud,
As some in envy have avowed,
One look upon her features gay,
Would chase such evil thoughts away.

She's like a bird in summer time,
That gladdens nature with its chime,
Her merry tones, now soft, now high,
Now like a zephyr floating by ;
And when her song falls on your ear,
You think of an embodied sphere,
Sent down on wings of light and love,
To sing as angels sing above.

Upon her young expressive face,
There is a world of truth and grace,
And in her blue and sunny eyes
An ocean of affection lies,
Deep, pure, and still, like stars at night,
They sparkle with unearthly light,
And from her lips such kind words fall,
As bring a joy to gladden all.

/ Oh ! she is good, and pure, and kind,
With manners gentle and refined,
With such a sweet and earnest face,
So full of tenderness and grace,

Now like a sunbeam, now a shade,
So merry, and withal so staid ;—
Such is our darling little Nan,
Now match her, ladies, if you can.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

[A MEMORY OF THE REV. L***** R*****, OF THE
VIRGINIA CONFERENCE.]

SOFT as the distant murmur of a rill,
In rich deep music from his glowing lips,
Fell words of burning eloquence. Now low,
Like the faint whisper of a zephyr's breath,

So still, so deep, so holy, that it seemed
Like the sweet echo of an angel's lute
Around us gently stealing. Then again,
His rich full voice came pealing, like the tones
Swept from a thousand harp-strings, bringing thoughts
Of wild unearthly beauty, clothed in words
Of thrilling power. Like gems of light
And precious jewels from the bending skies.
They fell in sparkling showers upon our hearts,
And waked ten thousand glowing visions up
That long had slumbered there.

O ! I have thought

That the sacred eloquence which stole
Around us then, re-echoed through the skies,
In all their shining courts and glittering domes,
Until it reached the very throne of God,
And brought from thence a blessing on the flock
Who waited to receive it.

Go on, go on, thou holy man of God !
For thee there is a crown,—a rich reward
Laid up in Heaven. So walk that thou may'st win
Life everlasting in that better land,

Where comes no pain nor parting. Oh! be strong,
Resist the world. Turn,—from its homage turn.
Its honours seek not. To thy God belongs
All might and glory. Be thou stayed on Him,
And when before Him thou art called to hear
The final sentence, mayest thou feel and say,
“*I WAS NOT VAINLY GIFTED.*”

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

[Suggested by hearing a Sermon from the Rev. G***** W.

L*****, of the Virginia Conference.]

They guard us well,
These holy messengers of God our King,
In the wide world wherever we may dwell,
Around our paths, their sheltering arms they fling.

Where dangers rise,
And hope has almost vanished, then we hear
Their spirit-whispers from the far off skies,
Or from the viewless air ; "soul do not fear."

When pain and grief
Comes o'er us like a tempest, and our hearts
Seek round and round in vain for some relief,
Their still small whisper sweetest peace imparts.

In the still night

When darkness gathers o'er us like a cloud,
They watch our slumbers with their eyes of light,
Whispering sweet dreams as round our beds they crowd.

And some there are,—

The loved and lost, and gentle ones of ours,
Who may be gathering with that bright throng there,
Filling our hearts with thoughts like starry showers.

O! tell me not

Our loved ones are not with us day by day,
Methinks they guard us, we are not forgot
By all our kindred who have passed away.

'They who have wept

When grief had cast its mantle on our brow,
They who have round us nightly vigils kept,
'Think you, O! think you, they forget us now?

Think you that love
So pure, so holy while it dwelt below,
Will not be brightened in the world above,
Where earth's dark dreams can sadden us no more?

I love to dream
That angels are around me, to recall
The names of the departed; it doth seem
That I am watched and guarded by them all.

Ye spirit band!
Still guide me through my pilgrimage below,
And lead my footsteps to the better land,
Where all the spirit's weariness is o'er.

No night is there,
No lonely watching by the bed of death,
No broken sigh, no look of keen despair,
No painful listening for the parting breath.

No fear, no dread,
No last farewell, no clasping of the hand
With vain regret, no tear, no parting tread,
Can mar the pleasures of that glorious land.

Oh ! guard us home,
Ye holy messengers of God ; our steps attend,
Through life's dark vale of bitterness and gloom,
Up to that land where joy shall never end.

And when we meet
Around our Father's throne, all face to face,
With what deep rapture will our spirits greet
The throng who led us to that happy place !

A few more years,
And we will join them in the spirit land,
Where God himself shall wipe away our tears,
And bid us welcome to that Angel Band.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell! farewell! my native land,
I leave, I leave thee now,
I leave thee, but no eye shall see
A shadow on my brow;
'They shall not know the pangs I feel,
They shall not know that I
Am weak enough to drop a tear,
In bidding thee good bye.

Yet 'tis not weakness, no, oh no!
To weep o'er things I leave,
For thee, my native land, for thee
Ten thousand bosoms grieve;
For thee ten thousand hearts do mourn,
For thee unnumbered cries
Go upward from thy toiling sons,
Like incense to the skies.

This hour divides my heart from all
That makes this world so dear,
This hour I break each fettering chain
That binds me captive here ;
I leave thee, Erin ! with a heart
Proud as thy winds and free,
I leave thee with a soul that scorns
Thy servile slavery.

Oh Erin ! thou wilt yet be free,
Our prayers will yet be heard,
And thou wilt from thy thralldom 'scape,
Like an unfettered bird ;
Too long, too long the tyrant's yoke
Has bowed and humbled thee,
'The hour for thy relief draws near,
Thou shalt,—thou shalt be free.

There is an hour when I may come,
A freeman to thy shores,
An hour when I may rest at home,
Triumphant o'er thy foes ;

And those who *whisper* farewell now,
May *shout* a welcome then ;
Oh Erin ! faint not in the hope,
Thy sons are valiant men.

Farewell my Erin ! Fare thee well,
A brighter day appears,
A day of victory will be ours,
Baptized in blood and tears ;
A day, when those who bow us down
By proud oppression now,
May stand before us, conquered then,
With humbled heart and brow.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

ALONE, alone, on the cold dark earth,
In the winter hour they found him,
And they laid him down in the friendly grave,
With his pilgrim cloak around him ;
No mourner came to the lonely spot,
Sad tears of sorrow weeping,
None knew the name of the pilgrim lone,
As he lay on the cold ground sleeping.

His grave is far from his native home,
Where the wild deer's feet are bounding,
And the wailing winds, with their voices deep,
Through the dark dim woods are sounding ;
No loved one comes to that lonely place
To scatter flowers above him,
For he sleeps afar from his own green land,
And the friends who used to love him,

He dreams no more of his early home,
Of the love that used to bless him,
He thinks no more of his father's face
When bending to caress him ;
He sees no more in his wandering dreams,
His mother—vigils keeping,
As he lay at night on her holy breast
In peaceful stillness sleeping.

O ! wake him not from his dreamless rest,
Let your step be light around him,
Ye know not, how many cords of love,
To this changing life once bound him ;
Tread lightly there, for soon, aye, soon,
You may fall like him ; there's danger ;
And some may point to your mound, and say,
" Behold the grave of a stranger."

THE CAPTIVE DOVE.

How can I keep thee pining here
In thralldom day by day,
When thou art sighing to depart
On thy bright wings away?
I bend above thy little form
With tenderness and love,
And yet thou art the same sad thing,
My little captive dove;
Still pining for the bright green hills
And yon blue sky above.

And yet, I fain would hold thee here,
For Oh! when thou art gone,
My spirit will be very sad
Thou little meek-eyed one;

Why was my heart so formed for love?

For, prize whate'er I may,

My idol changes into dust,

Or vanishes away ;

And with a stricken soul I stand

To see their swift decay.

I must not keep thee, for I know

I'll love thee but too much,

And thou wilt feel, like all things else,

Time's cold and blighting touch ;

And thou wilt die and leave me too,

Like all things that I love ;

I must not, cannot, keep thee here ;

Go then, my Captive Dove ;

Away, away 'to yon green hills,

And thy blue home above.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

/ THERE is a joy that gladdens life,
A balm that soothes its vexing strife,
A light that gilds our cloudiest way,
That turns our darkness into dáy,
That gives a fragrance to the hours,
Sweet as the breath of summer flowers
That gladdens us where'er we move—
It is, it is, a *sister's love*.

/ The friendship of the world departs
And leaves strange shadows on our hearts,
Dark ghosts that whisper of the past,
That tell of vows that could not last,
Of friendship's bright, yet broken chain,
Of hearts that cannot love again ;
But none, aye, none of those we prove
In this sweet boon, a *sister's love*.

✓ A sister's love ! O ! every thought
Is with this pure affection wrought,
The whispering winds, the waving limbs,
The night-bird warbling forth his hymns,
The distant sound of purling rills,
The guardian spirit of the hills,
All bring to me where'er I rove,
The memory of a *sister's love*.

✓ A *sister's love* ! it gladdens life,
It is a balm for pain and strife,
A lamp to gild the clouds that lie
So often on our wintry sky,
A flower, whose fragrant breath imparts
A holy gladness to our hearts,
A boon of beauty from above,
Is this sweet gift—A SISTER'S LOVE.

“THERE’S A SILVERY LINING TO EVERY
CLOUD.”

O! we know not, we know not, what future joys
May spring from the shadows that ’round us crowd,
The sun shines brightest just after the storm,
“There’s a silvery lining to every cloud.”

Our pathway may teem with a thousand thorns,
But deep in the shade of the leaflet’s green,
The holy flowers with their dewy eyes,
Looking up from their delicate beds are seen;
And the humblest flower has the sweetest breath,
Which it yields more sweetly when deepest bowed,
And we feel as we trample it down in death,
“There’s a silvery lining to every cloud.”

And though our pathway, here, is a thorny one,
And our hopes all fade like the light of even,
Yet we look with faith upon the lowering cloud
Whose "silvery lining" is seen in Heaven ;
Let us bear with meekness, the gloom it flings
O'er our spirits here, it will soon be past,
Though dark to us now, it will brighten soon,
And turn to "a silvery" cloud at last.

There's a mournful shadow upon my heart,
And a dark, deep shadow upon my brow,
And a darker cloud over the future hangs,
And saddens my life with its denseness now ;
But the bright bow of promise is arching the skies,
It is folding its wings 'round the gloomy shroud,
And I feel, O ! I feel, though my pathway is dark,
"There's a silvery lining to *every* cloud."

THE SAINTLY GIRL.

I met her on a festal night,
The winter winds were loud,
And o'er the dark and lowering sky
Hung many a dismal cloud ;
She was the fairest of the throng,
The brightest and the best,
No care had ever touched her soul
Or marred her spirit's rest ;
And yet a mournful shade, methought,
Was on her pensive breast.

She was most beautiful, her cheek
Was like the snow-flake white,
And in her melancholy eye,
There was a dewy light,—

A dewy light that won the soul
And melted it to tears,
Aye! melted it with hopes of her,
Half blended into fears;—
That shadows, dark and desolate,
Would shroud her coming years.

I marked her, as with silent step,
She moved amid the throng,
Or paused with brightening eyes to hear
The music of some song
That warbled out from beauty's lip,
And charmed the listening soul,
Until the voice of melody
O'ermantled all her soul,
And like a spirit, tenderly
Around her being stole.

Her cheek was like a snowy cloud
Across the blue sky driven,
And oh! her sweet eye spoke to me,
Far less of earth than Heaven;

I stood entranced, and looked into
Her dark and dreamy eyes,
And thought how lovely she would be
An angel in the skies,—
An angel, where the love of hearts
No longer droops or dies.

But she is gone, that *Saintly Girl*,
She died in early Spring,
When leaves were quivering in the breeze
And flowers were blossoming ;
When birds were singing in the wood
And every thing looked gay,
That fair young being like a gleam
Of moonlight passed away,
Away from all beneath the skies,
To shine in endless day.

THE BAPTISMAL.

With high and holy faith,
The mother brought her Infant ; and, with prayers
Of deep and earnest fervour, she offered up
Its young and sinless being unto Him,
By whom its life was given.

Like a bird
It lay upon her bosom ; its soft eyes
Were veiled in holy slumber, and its lip
Was wreathed with smiles, as if its dreams
Were filled with forms of heavenly beauty.

Its young heart
Beat lightly 'gainst the mother's, as she pressed
Its form softly to her own, and, with tears
And fervent prayers, looked up,
And gave her infant to the man of God
Who waited there to bless it.

Soft and low

Were the deep words he uttered, as he touched
The infant's brow so exquisitely white,
With the baptismal water. And his face
Was lighted up with joy, as he gave
It back to its mother's arms again,
And knelt in supplication at the feet
Of the Almighty Maker; and there went up
From that kneeling multitude one prayer,
One universal prayer from countless hearts,
To the high seat of Mercy, that the child
Might be through life, as spotless and as pure
As the bright water that had touched its brow,
Blessed by the Lord's anointed. It was done,
The high vow had been taken, which was sealed,—
Sealed in the sight of angels. And she turned,
That pure young mother with her precious child,
Turned from the good man's presence, where with
heart,
And soul, and spirit, her Fair Boy,
To Heaven she had consecrated.

THE WANDERER TO HIS HOME.

My own bright home ! I have thoughts of thee.
In the deep dark wood, on the mountain free,
'Mid the desert wide, on the ocean deep,
Where the bounding billows in beauty sweep,
And the sea-bird floats o'er the waters dark,
And sings a dirge to the buried bark,
And dips her wing in the boiling foam ;
There, there, I have thoughts of thee my home,
And my spirit flies o'er the dark blue sea,
To my friends, my own heart friends, and thee.

I can see the lawn where I used to run,
And the trees, I can number them one by one,
I can see the hill, and the rippling tide,
With the light canoe, where I used to ride,
And the willow branches that over it fell,
And the flowers that gladdened the woodland dell ;

And I hear the birds as they wander by,
 With their glad notes floating along the sky,
 And I see my cottage all bright and fair,
 And the blossoms that grew in their beauty there,
 But a voice comes booming across the deep,
 "They are all departed!" and I wake to weep.

The dream is gone, I can see no more
 My beautiful home on the distant shore,
 The dark deep sea with its sparkling foam,
 Divides me away from my own bright home,
 And its garden walks, they are not for me,
 Another's eye will their beauty see,
 Another's hand will the blossoms twine,
 Those beautiful blossoms that once were mine,
 And strangers will list to the lute-like songs
 From the forest birds, Oh! my bosom throngs
 With memories wild of my home afar,
 As it looks through the shadows, MY LIFE'S FIRST STAR.

FOR A—— L——, TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

O ' IF I were a *blossom*,
 would bloom upon thy way,
I'd touch thy flowing mantle
 With my lips so soft and gay ;
I would hang upon thy bosom,
 I would press my cheek to thine,
And thy balmy breath should mingle
 Its soft perfume with mine ;
And with thy slender fingers,
 Thou would'st twine me in thy hair,
Then I'd hide among thy ringlets
 And sleep in silence there.

Or,—if I were a *zephyr*,
 A balmy zephyr now,
I would brush aside the ringlets
 That cluster on thy brow ;

I would search the orange blossoms,
I would sweep the citron tree,
And gather up sweet fragrance,
To sacrifice to thee ;
And with my downy pinions,
I would fan thy cheek of snow,
Till thy rosy lips should bless me,
Wherever I might go.

Or,—if I were a *lute-string*,
Or a music-breathing bird,
My songs should always 'round thee,
By day and night be heard ;
I would perch upon thy pillow,
When thine eyes were closed in sleep,
And my wings with dew-drops shining,
O'er thy lovely brow I'd sweep ;
And I'd glide around thee daily
With my heart-hymns soft and free,
O ! if I were a song-bird,
How much I'd sing for thee.

Or,—if I were a *sunbeam*,
I would brighten all thy way,
And not one dark'ning shadow
Should o'er thy bosom stray ;
I would nestle on thy forehead,
I would flit among thy curls,
Till every hair of thine should look
As if 'twere strung with pearls ;
I would chase all darkness from thee,
I would make thee glad and gay,
And I'd wake the brightest blossoms,
To sparkle on thy way.

But if I were an *angel*,
I would do *all* blessed things,
I'd flit about thee all day long,
And fan thee with my wings ;
I would keep thee in all places,
I would guard thee night and day,
And nought should harm thy spirit,
Or take thy peace away ;

And in death, I'd hover near thee
With deep unchanging love,
And I'd bear thee on my pinions,
To the "better land" above.

THE THORN TREE.

It was the hour when fancy's hand
Her richest garland weaves,
The rain was over, and the winds
Lay cradled in the leaves;
The wild birds warbled forth their lays,
From every drooping spray,
And on the sky the massive clouds,
Like snow-wreaths shining, lay;

The blossoms dripping with the rain,
Hung down their petals fair,
And breathed their sweetest fragrance out
Upon the summer air.

I sat within a vine-clad porch,
A friend was at my side,
Who, with a smile of calm content,
The scene before him eyed ;
Said he, as earnestly he looked
Upon the spreading lawn,
And glanced, with very sage contempt,
At an unsightly thorn ;
“ That tree is quite unwelcome here,
With its great thistles brown
And clumsy shape, it does no good,
I'll hew the cumberer down.”

I looked upon the hated tree,
And sorrow filled my heart,
Alas ! thought I, poor helpless tree,
Like many a one thou art,

Who passes down life's stream alone,
With shadowed heart and brow,
Who is by all men cast aside,
As good for nought as thou,
Whose only portion while he lives,
Is hate, contempt and scorn,
And who, in death, lies spurned like thee,
Thou outcast lonely thorn.

Just then a slanting sunbeam fell
Upon the joyless tree,
And O! the sight that met my gaze,
Shall ne'er forgotten be ;
Within the bosom of that thorn,
Upon a spreading stem,
'The rain-drops bright had gathered up
And formed a diadem ;
"Aye," said I to the jewelled tree,
"Like many a one thou art,
Who lives unloved, yet holds unseen
A treasure in his heart."

The roughest bud a blossom bears
 Within its scaly folds,
The coarsest rock within its breast,
 The brightest diamond holds ;
Jewels are born beneath the sea,
 And pearls beneath the tide,
And stormy nights and clouded skies,
 The brightest stars will hide ;
Then judge not, from the outward form,
 Whate'er, whoe'er thou art,
Man looks upon exterior acts,
 " God looks upon the heart."

THE STORMY WINDS.

“GOD HELP THE SAILOR NOW.”

The stormy winds, they are out to-night,
They are sweeping across the hills,
They are dipping their wings in the rolling tide,
They are dancing along the rills ;
They are wrestling now with the forest king,
And now with the mountain hoar,
They are whistling now, and the rocking pines,
With their mingled voices roar ;
They are rolling down with their giant arms,
The rocks from the mountain's brow,
They are marching in armies along the deep,
“God help the sailor now.”

They sweep the sea with their icy hands,
They heap the billows high,
They dash them up, till their spray-crowned heads,
Seem resting 'gainst the sky ;
Yon proud white ship, like a mighty bird,
Is skimming a mountain wave,
But the wind-spirits ! see how they hold it back,
While they scoop out its hollow grave ;
Their work is done, and the ship sinks down,
For the waves have touched its brow,
It sinks in the deep like a weight of lead,
“ God help the sailor now.”

We know how wildly the sailor's wife
Awakes from her troubled sleep,
And looks abroad like a frightened bird
O'er the breast of the boiling deep ;
We know how closely she folds her hands
In the might of her keen despair,
When she gazes down upon the dusky beach
And sees no white ship there ;

And we know how bitter her grief will be
When the light of the morning's brow,
Will show the wreck of the victim ship;
God help the watcher now.

O! 'Thou who didst walk on the restless deep
When the surging waves rolled high,
Look down, look down from thy dwelling place,
And list to the sailor's cry,
The winds, the seas, and the tempests loud,
Are servants that do thy will,
Say Thou to the wind-spirits, fold your wings,
And say to the waves, "be still;"
By his earnest call, by his fervent prayer,
By the tear on his lifted brow,
By his cold clasped hands, by his pale wet cheek,
"God help the sailor now."

THE SOARING BIRD.

Soar upward and onward thou pinioned bird,
In the far off realms let thy voice be heard,
With the blue sky pressing upon thy brow,
And the sunlight gilding thy breast as now,
With thy heart hymns gushing along thy throat,
Still upward and onward, thou proud bird ! float.

Away, away, to the bright blue sky,
Away to the clime where the cloudlets lie,
With the sunbeam's wing, away bright bird,
Away like the flight of a light'ning word,
Give thy glowing pinions to the upper air,
Away, for no shadows may reach thee there.

'Thou hast upward flown, thou hast left the storm,
And the blue sky circles thy graceful form,
Thou hast left the tempest and gloom below,
Through a clime of beauty in grandeur to soar,
'Till the golden tint of thy glancing wings
Shines brightly, above all earthly things.

O! wouldst thou lend me thy pinions fair,
Like thee, the breast of the storm I'd dare,
I'd soar away to the land of love,
I'd taste the joys of the realms above,
I'd float away to those regions free,
Would! would that my spirit could soar like thee.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

HE lay in silent dreamings. His dark hair
Upon his brow was parted, and fell back
In rich and heavy masses; and his cheek,
Pale as a gathered snow wreath, wan and cold,
Upon his thin hand rested.

His dark eyes,
Beaming with soul-lit radiance, were upturned
To the pure world above him; and his frame
Quivered with heaven-born joy, as thus he breathed
His last heart-hymn on earth.

O! I sigh for a world that is brighter than this,
Where the heart from its cares shall be free;
Where storm clouds no longer shall darken my sky,
And no billow shall roll on life's sea;

I sigh for a home where affliction no more
Around me its shadow will cast,
And I long to escape from this valley of woe,
Where joy shall be mine at the last.

I know of a world where temptation comes not,
Where the heart is pure as a flower,
Where holiness makes up a Heaven of bliss,
And love gilds each beautiful hour;
I know of a home where my soul shall forget
The pains it has suffered in this,
Where sorrow and sickness and death are no more,
And each moment is filled up with bliss.

Oh! had I the wings of the white-bosomed dove,
That soars through the regions of air,
How soon would I cast off this mantle of clay,
And fly to those bright mansions there;
Too dark is this desolate world for my heart,
Too full of life's burdensome things,
Too often the cumbersome cares of this earth,
Have weighed down my spirit's bright wings.

I am weary, quite weary of life and its woes,
I am weary of sin and its gloom,
I am weary of friendship that dies in an hour,
And I fain, Oh! I fain would go home;
I am weary of staying away from my God,
Away from yon Heaven above,
Oh! when shall I enter the regions of bliss,
And drink at the fountain of love.-

Bright Angels! ye call me, ye beckon me up,
To your glorious home in the skies,
Ye bend from the beautiful portals of bliss,
Ye watch me with love-beaming eyes,
Ye call me, ye call me, ye wait for me now,
Ye are leading me down to the tomb,
Ye are bearing me up to the beautiful land,
Receive me, my Saviour, I come."

"NE'ER CAN MY HEART BE THINE."

, You may talk to me of a fairer clime,
You may talk of a warmer sky,
Where the flowers are bright, and the summer breeze
Like the breath of joy goes by ;
Where the clear bright streams, like silver threads
In the glorious sunlight shine ;
These flowers and rills allure me not,
For "ne'er can my heart be thine."

You may tell me in truth of a costly home,
Of a home in your southern land,
You may say that vassals around my seat
In servile fear shall stand ;
You may tell me that blossoms of joy and hope
Around me shall ever twine,
But I heed it not, I heed it not,
For "ne'er can my heart be thine."

You may tell me that jewels shall deck my brow,
That pearls shall gem my hair,
And you promise that joy, and hope, and love,
Shall attend me everywhere ;
You say that a high and a holy lot,
And all you have are mine,
When my hand is yours, but no, Oh no !
For "ne'er can my *heart* be thine."

I know of a home and a heart I love,
Tho' low and unknown they be,
And the home that I love will yet be mine,
And that heart will cling to me ;
Aye, cling to me like the ivy branch
That clings to the forest pine ;
Then go to thy home in the summer clime,
For "ne'er can my heart be *thine*."

BYRON'S DESPAIR.

('PAST pleasure doubles present pain/
To sorrow adds regret,
Regret and hope are both in vain ;
I ask but to forget.')

[BYRON.

! FORGET the past ! Then would the light
Of memory fade away ;
Would'st thou not sometimes turn aside
To catch a lingering ray ?
With all before thee dark and drear,
With every joy " forgot,"
Without the rainbow tints of " hope,"
How wretched were thy lot.

{ Dost call it happiness to dwell
Upon the past no more,
Because thy hopes of future bliss
Have all been shadowed o'er ?

/ Forget the past ! No ! Though I'm doomed
 Its pleasures to resign,
The memory of departed joys
 Around my heart shall twine.

When thy proud soul was writhing 'neath
 The sting of sorrow's dart,
When disappointment, like a fiend,
 Was grappling at thy heart,
If thou hadst paused to dwell aright
 Upon departed hours,
Thy path, so thickly strewn with thorns,
 Had been entwined with flowers.

/ And well I know how desolate,
 How mournful was thy lot,
Seeking a spirit like thine own,
 But yet to find it not ;
Thy heart was on the mountain high,
 And in the rushing stream,
These, these alone could well pourtray
 Thy spirit's mighty dream.

Great Poet! thou hast fled away,
Thy mantle too is gone;
Would, like the prophet, some might claim
This relic by thee worn;
But none received it when thy soul
Took its eternal flight,
That gift, too mighty for this earth,
Dissolved in rayless night.

GOD'S WITNESSES.

They are around us everywhere,
Air, ocean, woods, proclaim a God,
In every thing we see the prints
Where his eternal steps have trod ;
We see them in the winds that rush
In fierce tornadoes through the air,
We see them in the lightning's flash ;
We see that God is everywhere.

The stars that roll with mighty speed
Through yon immense blue field afar,
Speak to each heart this thrilling truth,
That God's own hand has placed them there ;
'The sun that sheds the beams of day,
The beams that gladden every eye,
The moon, with soft and holy light,
All teach, He fills both earth and sky.

The countless flowers that bloom in spring,
And spread their soft perfume around,
Breathe in the thoughtful list'ner's ear,
In these, God's witnesses are found ;
The rippling brook, the rushing stream,
The forest wide, the bounding sea,
The mountains, hills and verdant plains,
ALL SPEAK A PRESENT GOD TO ME.

TO MR. K*****, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

'Tis done, 'tis done, and angels bright,
Have registered those vows above,
They smiled with joy, to find on earth,
Two hearts so formed for mutual love;
Take her, but let her not regret,
That e'er she gave her heart to thee,
"Twining around thee like a vine
Around its chosen forest tree."

She is thine own through good or ill,
Thy happiness or grief to share,
"Thy joys to hallow with a smile,
Thy grief to soften with a tear;"
'Thou hast in her a treasure found,
A precious gem, a jewel rare,
"Richer, by far, than Ophir's gold,"
Or than ten thousand rubies are.

To thy especial care we give

The sacred trust, Oh! guard it well,
May fond affection firmly bind

Around thy heart its potent spell;

Supply a mother's watchful love,

Let not unkindness shade her brow,
And let not coldness damp the joy

That dwells within her bosom now.

Accept a sister's fondest wish

For thee, my valued friend and thine,
May joys, like garlands, crown thy brow,

And round thy heart, like tendrils, twine;
And if we meet in after years,

May life, from care, be free as now;
I would not have thee come again,

With altered heart and saddened brow.

Take her, though dear to every heart,

She's dearer to thy bosom still,
But *here* she leaves an aching void,

"This world can never, never fill;"

And hoping 'tis God's holy will,
We would not murmur nor repine,
Though every heart must deeply feel,
We would not give one pang to thine.

A few more days, and we must part,
To meet, perchance, no more for years,
'Tis anguish to the bursting heart,
'Tis agony too deep for tears;
And if it be we may not meet
Again on life's tempestuous sea,
O! may we meet in Heaven above,
To live in bliss eternally.

TO MY SISTER LUCY.

THE day is parting from us,
The sun is setting now,
I see his last faint glimmer
Upon the mountain's brow ;
The eve is closing round us,
And nature's harp is still,
And night has pinned her mantle
Around our own "GRAPE HILL ;"
And on its inmates, Sister,
The holy moonbeams shine,
I see kind faces round me,
But, Sister, where is thine ?

I am thinking of thee, Lucy,
I am thinking of thee now,
And wonder, if the same pure light
Is resting on thy brow ;

I am thinking of that bright blue eye,
And of that cheek so fair,
And wondering if the lovely rose
Of health is blooming there ;
And of thy heart, thy pure young heart,
O ! Sister ! is it still
As light as when you left your home,
Your beautiful "GRAPE HILL ?"

When shall we meet thee, Sister ;
When shall we welcome thee
To thine own native bowers,
When shall the meeting be ?
We miss thee, O ! we miss thee much,
At morning and at night,
We miss thy voice of kindness,
Thy smile of love and light ;
We miss the songs of gladness
That made our bosoms thrill,
When wilt thou come, thou distant star,
Of this our own "GRAPE HILL."

Forget me not, dear Sister,
In thy bright and sunny home,
Where blossoms sweet are breathing
Around thee, rich perfume,
When the voice of kindness greets thee,
When the eye of love doth shine
Most tenderly, dear Sister,
Most lovingly in thine ;
O ! let remembrance wander back
To those who love thee still,
Back to thy own sweet vine-clad bowers,
Thy beautiful " GRAPE HILL."

THE TWO LEAVES.

'TWAS autumn, and the crimson leaves
Were falling thick and fast,
And o'er the brow of nature sad,
A gloomy look was cast.

She seemed to mourn the falling leaves
That long had been her pride,
And wept above the flowers that drooped
And perished 'side by side.

With silent step, at twilight hour,
I sought a lone retreat,
And sighed to hear the wither'd leaves
Fall rustling at my feet.

And there, in that sequestered spot,
I sat me down to rest,
To watch awhile the crimsoned clouds
That lingered in the west.

It was a mournful silent hour,
The autumn wind swept by,
As though 'twas mourning for the year
That soon, alas! would die.

The birds had ceased their carollings,
And far away had sped,
The flowers no longer bloomed around,
Their fragrance all was dead.

Above me, trembling in dismay,
A withered leaflet hung,
Whilst near it, on a bending spray,
Its proud green neighbour swung.

“Why, why,” cried he, with looks of scorn,
“My friend! you look so pale?
I fear you’ll have a dreadful fall,
In this tempestuous gale.

Such doleful sighs I cannot bear,
Be quiet if you can,
And if you perish, why, be firm,
And perish like a man.”

The trembling leaf, with stricken heart
His neighbour’s scoffings heard,
And every feeling of despair,
Within his breast was stirred.

“Unfeeling one!” at length he cried,
“Your cruel tauntings spare,
Remember! *you* must perish too,
It boots you to prepare.”

Just then a proud and chilling blast
Came whistling loudly by,
The leaflet bowed *his* head, resigned,
And died without a sigh.

“Ho! ho!” his neighbour loud exclaimed,
“My friend! art dead so soon?
While I am left to flutter here
In all life’s glorious bloom?”

Full many a day is left to me,
And many an hour of joy,
Ere autumn’s chilling blight will come
My beauty to destroy.

And while below me, cold and dead,
My meaner neighbours lie,
I’ll triumph here till every bird
Has left the autumn sky.”

Another chilling blast swept o'er
That leaf so proud and gay,
He struggled bravely for his life,
And loudly plead to stay.

But, heedless of his prayers and cries,
Old Boreas laid him down,
Among his long despised friends,
To moulder on the ground.

With an important lesson stamped
Upon my heart and mind,
I rose and left the fallen leaves
And that lone place behind.

And now, when foolish human pride
Within my heart would swell,
I turn me to the withered leaves
And read the moral well.

THE PHANTOM OF EARTHLY GLORY.

WE are prone to make our wishes vain,
And sigh for what we cannot gain ;

 Thus a romantic boy,
Saw in the distance rising high,
A mount that seemed to reach the sky,
 And hailed the sight with joy.

Upon the mountain's topmost height
There gleamed a spark as dazzling bright
 As gems that deck a crown ;
White-handed Hope stood watching by,
And bade him climb the summit high
 And make that gem his own.

He starts at once with eager tread,
With sparkling eyes and lifted head,
To gain the jewel rare ;
But dangers multiply around,
He starts and trembles at each sound
That breaks upon his ear.

“ O ! struggle on, nor faint, nor stop,
Behold upon the mountain top
A royal diadem ;
Not all the monarchs of the east
Could in their lofty grandeur boast
Of such a precious gem.”

Thus, whispered Hope ; the happy youth
Deemed it the sacred word of truth,
And still his path pursued ;
Up, onward, o'er the mighty steeps
Behold the fearless tyro leaps
With vigour fresh endued.

When lo ! a Seraph-form came nigh
With glowing smile and beaming eye,
And thus the youth addressed ;
“ Poor mortal ! give thy journey o’er,
And seek earth’s glittering spoils no more,
In Heaven alone is rest.

My name is Wisdom, born on high,
My home is far beyond the sky,
Yet I am with the meek,
I fill the universe around,
By those who seek, I soon am found,
To every one I speak.”

He paused with weariness oppressed,
And thus the heavenly maid addressed,
“ I pray thee speak no more,
Upon the mountain top behold
A diamond set in stars of gold,
Must I that prize forego ? ”

The Seraph gently glided past,
 She gave a look, it was the last,
 The sweetest to him given ;
 "Adieu mistaken youth," she cried,
 And as the echo quickly died,
 She fled away to Heaven.

The youth toiled on from night till morn,
 'Till weary, vexed, and sorely torn,
 He reached the mountain's height,
 He gazed around the gem to see,
 But oh, alas ! what misery !
 It *no where* met his sight.

'Twas but a white and flinty stone,
 Which in the glittering sunlight shone,
 That promised such delight ;
Such are the glories of this earth,
They shine a moment at their birth,
 Then fade in endless night.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE wind was loud and the night was dark,
And the waves beat high 'round a ship at sea,
The moon was hid 'neath an angry cloud,
And no light shone on the distant lea;
The gallant crew in that noble ship
For a moment gazed on the far-off shore,
Then looked on the waves that soon must shroud,
That ship and crew in their ceaseless roar.

The surf-sprites shrieked with fiendish joy,
And clapped their hands as they rode on the wave,
"There is room," they cried, "in the dark deep sea,
There is room enough for each mariner's grave;
Old Neptune waits in his jewelled grot,
To welcome his guest to the emerald sea,
And we've come to light you down to your home,
Make haste, make haste, we wait for thee.

The storm-king trod like a giant bold,
The rushing main, and his step was proud,
As he trampled the trembling mariners down,
And wrapped them up in their watery shroud ;
The lover went to his emerald home,
With his loved one near him, side by side,
They sank to rest, they had loved in life,
And death would not their fates divide.

Wave after wave o'er the deck dashed by,
While the ship was stayed on a coral reef,
But the tide at length on the ocean fell,
And the wind was heard like a sigh of grief ;
The storm-king sunk in the sea to rest,
The surf-sprites went to their homes in the deep,
They wrapped the sea-weed around the dead,
And laid them down in their caves to sleep.

Old Neptune rose from his jasper throne,
And welcomed the dead to his sea-girt home,
“Come in,” he cried, “for where could ye find
A fairer land or a costlier dome?

Here are gems to deck each mariner's bed,
Here are jewels washed from a distant shore,
And the ocean surge, like a weeping friend,
Shall chaunt your dirge for evermore."

Not one remained of that noble band,
Save a Lover true and his destined Bride,
Like wandering doves they sat and mourned
O'er their friends that had perished, side by side ;
And night by night their spirits rose,
To call that Lover and loved one away,
And the surf-sprite sang on the wreathing surge,
And beckoned to them from the dashing spray :

"Come away with us
To the deep, deep blue,
Your friends are here,
They await for you ;
In their coral caves,
They have waited long,

O! come at the call
Of our spirit song;
There are jewelled beds
Where the weary rest,
With the sea-weed wrapped
O'er each silent breast;
The ocean wave
Shall your requiem sing;
Its wild sweet notes
Shall forever ring;
Come, come away
From the upper air,
Leave all your cares
And sorrows there;
Weep not for the dead,
From pain they are free,
They sleep in peace
'Neath the rolling sea;
They have called you long,
From their emerald bed,
Will you come and rest
With the peaceful dead?"

The song was hushed, and its cadence fell
Like an angel's whisper, soft and low,
On the waves it sweetly re-echoed back
And mingled with ocean's eternal roar ;
ZOTILLA heard with a throbbing heart,
The summons that called her soul away,
"I will go," she said, "to my ocean grave,
For here no longer do I wish to stay."

With a faltering lip and a trembling hand,
She wakened her harp, so long unstrung,
And thus, as she sat by her Lover's side,
This mournful song she sweetly sung :

"I am coming soon to your peaceful home,
Dear Friends ! in the deep, deep blue,
I am failing fast, I shall rest ere long,
'Neath the rolling waves with you ;
I have clung to life—to this fleeting life,
With affection fond and true,
But ye have departed, and now I come
To rest in the ocean too ;

I shall bring with me my early Choice,
We must journey hand in hand,
We have loved in life, and we would not part
As we enter the spirit land ;
I have heard you call from your ocean beds,
From your shrouds in the cave so deep,
Dear Parents ! Sisters ! I shall come ere long,
In the arms of death to sleep ;
I am failing fast, and I soon shall rest
In peace 'neath the snow-white foam,
But my spirit shall rise from its lowly bed
And find in Heaven a home."

ZOTILLA laid her harp aside,
And her brow was calm and pale,
Her voice in melting music died
On the breath of the evening gale ;
The Lovers stood on the silent deck,
And gazed on the far-off west,
Where the golden sun on his crimson couch,
Had gone to his nightly rest.

BODIAH smiled, for he thought of home
And the friends who were waiting there,
And a gentle hope in his bosom rose
Like the glow of the evening star ;
“ Home, pleasant home,” ZOTILLA sighed,
As she looked on his love-lit eye,
“ BODIAH ! dream of thy home no more,
'Tis away in yon azure sky.

I know 'tis pleasant to think of home,
Where thy loved ones are 'waiting thee,
But the friends who lighted our early home,
Are they not in the deep, deep sea ?
We have suffered much in this fearful ship,
But relief will come ere long,
Trust then in Him who will be your stay,
O ! suffer and be strong.”

BODIAH turned with a tear-dimmed eye
To the Fair One at his side,
And he strove, but strove in vain, from her
His anguish deep to hide ;

“ Ah ! must I leave thee all alone,
Without one kind friend near,
To wipe from thy brow the dew of death,
Or dry the burning tear ? ”

“ Oh ! mourn not thus,” cried the faithful Maid,
As she pillowed his head on her breast,
“ A few more moments of suffering here,
And thy soul shall find its rest ;
I shall follow you soon to the rolling deep,
Where sleep the good and the brave ;
The surge shall be our winding sheet,
And the ocean bed our grave.”

The morning rose, and the ship went down,
As the waves around it fell,
It sank in the waters dark and deep,
Where fearful monsters dwell ;
The sunbeams rose on the heaving tide,
And sparkled like jewels bright,
The sea-bird moved o’er the golden waves,
And basked in the streaming light.

The surf-sprite sat on the jewelled foam,
And chanted the Lovers' dirge,
Its notes so wild, so full and sweet,
Were heard o'er the murmuring surge :

“ Weep not for the dead,
They are happy now,
Where the sea-weed twines
Round their youthful brow ;
I have laid them down
In old ocean's cave,
With the friends they loved,
In the self-same grave ;
I have strewed o'er their bosoms
Jewels rare,
And left them to slumber
Peacefully there ;
Weep not for the dead,
They have passed away
To a brighter sky
And a purer day ;

The ocean wave
 Shall forever sing,
In thundering notes,
 Their requiem ;
'Till the trumpet sounds
 To call the dead
From their coral graves
 In the ocean bed."

8.

John

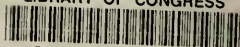
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